The Centre Reporter.

VOL. { OLD SERIES, XL. / NEW SERIES, XVIII. CENTRE HALL, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1885. NO. 1.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r.

The Reporter enters its eighteenth vol. with this issue, and goes to its many readers with a wish for a happy New Year, and a hope to enjoy their company and support in the future, with our heartfelt thanks for past friendship and patronage.

The statement of the business of all the lines of the Pennsylvania Company east of Pittsburg and Erie for the eleven months of 1884, as compared with the same period in 1883, shows a decrease in net earnings of $1,209,202. All the lines west of Pittsburg and Erie for the eleven months of 1884 show a decrease, as compared with the same period in 1883, of $1,946,808.

The new county officers, Sheriff Miles W. Walker, Prothonotary Brett and Treasurer Chas. Smith have been sworn in and assumed the duties of their respective offices, and will no doubt render satisfaction, they are all gentlemen of competency and good character.

The outgoing officers, Sheriff Dunkle, Treasurer Keller and Prothonotary Harper, served their positions well and faithfully, leaving no room for complaint as to the discharge of their duties.

Read changes in State College ad. The institution is gaining favor and rapidly rising to the front. Prof. Atherton seems to be the gentleman long needed to build up the institution. Dr. Atherton is straining every nerve—and he is a gentleman of great energy and ability—to do his duty, and it must be a source of gratification to him to find his labors not in vain. We hear no complaints, as in the past, which is the best evidence that matters for once are going right at the State College.

Notwithstanding New Haven, Connecticut, is a city of 60,000 inhabitants and is provided with water works many persons still depend on wells for their drinking water. The prevalence of typhoid fever has led to the analysis of many wells and scarcely one of them has been found free from fever germ. One of them decided pure supplies the pump on the college green; but as the students seldom drink from this, except when they get up late with headache "next morning," it does not do much toward diminishing the source of fever.

Gordonsville, Va., society is all agog over the announcement of the engagement of a juvenile pair. The local papers announce the fact that cards are out for the marriage of Mr. Willie Scott, of Gordonsville, aged four years, to Miss Jennie Perry, of Charlestown, W. Va., aged six years. The young lady is a fair-haired little sprite of unusual brightness. Her father is a well-to-do business man of Charleston. If this union ever takes place it will attract a deal of interest on account of the tender ages of the parties.

The parents of these babies may be considered as much babies as the babies themselves.

Four years ago W. H. Vanderbilt invested fifty million dollars in United States 4 per cent. bonds, since that time he has converted eighteen million of these bonds into money. Financial men say that within the past four years Vanderbilt's fortune of two hundred millions has been cut squarely in half. In 1880 New York Central was selling at 155, Lake Shore 135, Michigan Central 112 and Canada Southern 90. Now quotations for the same stocks are 85, 61, 55 and 30 respectively. Vanderbilt's boys including his son-in-law Twombley, have lost him 15 million dollars alone in the last two years.

Relative to the extension of the Buffalo, New York and Philadelphia railroad the latest intelligence states Herr Van Weel, who was sent to this country six months ago by a syndicate of bankers in Amsterdam, holding a majority of stock in the Buffalo, New York and Philadelphia railroad, to make an inspection of that line, has made his report. He finds that the system is a valuable one, and advises that it be held together under all circumstances. He further states that if additional terminal facilities are built in Buffalo at a cost of $2,000,000, that more than that amount of additional business can be obtained. At a meeting of the directors recently held it was decided to sell $1,500,000 of general mortgage bonds in the treasury of the company and pay off the floating debt, which amounts to $1,480,000. This will be done as soon as certain final advices on the subject are had from Amsterdam. The directors of the company state that as soon as this can be accomplished the money will be raised to go on with the Buffalo terminals. A syndicate of capitalists have surveyed a line from Clermont, on the line of the Buffalo, New York and Philadelphia, to Johnsonburg, and thence down to Brockwayville, there to connect with the low-grade road, and this when completed, it is said, will make a line twenty-two miles shorter than any other between Pittsburg and Buffalo.

Beecher's support of Cleveland has made some trouble with the Blaine members of his church. On Sunday, 27 ult., after he concluded a sermon in Plymouth church, toned upon the dissatisfaction which existed among some of his congregation, caused by his action in the late campaign. He alluded to his forty years' pastorate and said that he never mixed politics with his theology in the pulpit. He said he did not know how far the trouble had spread but only learned it from newspapers.

If there were any pew-holders offended he did not know that. He said that his congregation should have had enough confidence in him to not have taken an impetuous speech making a special plea and distort its application. As far as his political judgment and endeavors were concerned, he looked upon them with unfeigned admiration. If there were mistakes and errors, he was sorry and apologized. He did not want any dissatisfied person to sneak away. Let him come to Beecher's face and tell him he is dissatisfied and Beecher would bless him.

In relation to the pew-rents, he did not care if they were diminished. He had lived on a salary of $3,500 when he first became pastor and if necessary he could live upon it now. If there was a majority in the church, or a strong minority, who no longer wanted him he would go. If a great majority wished him to stay he would die with them and nothing would drive him away. If he stayed the congregation would have to receive him, not on a pitchfork, but in the palms of their hands.

E. C. Philips, of Potters Mills, formerly of Siglerville, while crossing the Seven Mountains, Thursday a week, with a load of grain, had quite an encounter with a tramp. While descending the long mountain Mr. Philips noticed an ugly looking tramp coming up behind the wagon. After walking along for a short distance he demanded $5 from Philips, who promptly replied that he would not get $5 from him, whereupon the tramp dealt Philips a severe blow in the face. Fortunately he was not knocked down, and picked up a clod of frozen earth, which had fallen from the lock of the wagon, he hurled it with great force at the molester's head, felling him to the ground. This seemed to very much aggravate the knight of the road, and jumping up rushed at Philips with an ugly looking knife. He only succeeded, however in making one cut, which penetrated through two coats, a vest and three shirts, but did not reach the flesh. At this juncture Philips again let the tramp have a piece of frozen earth, which again felled him to the ground. This evidently seemed too warm a reception for the would-be burglar and possibly murderer, and he took to his heels down the mountain. Mr. Philips, who is a small man, displayed considerable pluck in the above encounter, he has solemnly vowed never to cross the Seven Mountains again without a revolver.—Lewistown *Free Press*, 31 ult.

AN ENTERPRISING, RELIABLE HOUSE

Can always be relied upon, not only to carry in stock the best of everything, but to secure the agency for such articles as have well known merit, and are popular with the people, thereby sustaining the reputation of being always enterprising, and ever reliable. Having secured the agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, will sell it on a positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and every affection of Throat, Lungs and Chest, and to show our confidence we invite you to call and get a trial bottle free.

2000 HANDS OUT OF WORK.

Shenandoah, Pa., Dec. 27.—Bear Ridge No. 1 and 2 and station collieries near Mahanoy Plain and Indian Ridge and Plank Ridge collieries, at this place, having been selected as unprofitable, have been shut down indefinitely. This will throw out of employment over 2,000 men and boys. These collieries are owned and operated by the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company and nearly $80,000 per month was paid out for wages at the five mines.

PARTING OF COMRADES.

Farewell of Chaplain Harpster.

Trenton, (N. J.,) *Times*, of Dec. 24th, says: During the encampment of the Aaron Wilkes Post, No. 23, G. A. R., held in its handsome rooms in Dippolt's building last evening, a very pleasant event took place. It was known to the [illegible] that comrade, the Rev. John [illegible]ter, would visit the Post for the [illegible] on that occasion previous to [illegible]ng Trenton for his new charge [illegible]n, Ohio, and it was determined [illegible]y would surprise as well as give [illegible]thing wherewith to remember [illegible]. * * * * * The [illegible] is a beautiful gold-headed ebony [illegible]having engraved on it the inscrip[illegible] "1884. Presented to Chaplain J. [illegible]Harpster by Wilkes Post, No. 23, G. [illegible]R., Trenton, N. J.," and in the centre [illegible] the inscription the Second Army [illegible]ps badge—the tre-foil.

New York, January 2.—The movement for raising a hundred thousand dollars to relieve the personal effects of Gen. Grant from mortgage liability, has taken practical shape. Cyrus W. Field received today from D. B. Wessen, of Springfield, Mass., a check for a thousand dollars as his contribution to the fund.

Wm. M. Hagan, of Philadelphia, entered suit against Mrs. Josephine Westcott, a widow said to be worth $300,000, damage for breach of promise of marriage. No plea or answer was filed by the lady and the Sheriff's jury gave him $500.

"THE WORLD'S WONDERS."

As seen by the Great Tropical and Polar Explorers," is the title of a new and valuable book just published by the Historical Publishing Co. Its object is to place within the reach of all, in one elegant, finely illustrated volume, all of the achievements, discoveries, travels, and adventures of the great explorers; a history of marvellous things on earth; of strange countries and races of people; of curious animals, birds and reptiles; and the world's great natural phenomena and curiosities. It possesses additional interest in an official history of the late Greely expedition in search of the North Pole, and is no doubt a book of standard merit and great interest. The publishers claim that it is a complete encyclopaedia of exploration, discovery and adventure in all parts of the world, and as such it must possess very great interest for all classes of readers. See advertisement elsewhere.

Just so. The wise and prudent man now procures a bottle of Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine and keeps it in the house to be prepared for croup and whooping-cough emergencies. It never fails. It never disappoints. Instructions for treatment of croup and whooping-cough on each wrapper. Nothing like it for colds and all lung troubles. Dissatisfied buyers can have their money refunded.

Sold by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY, & Co., Philadelphia, Agents.

NOT

extensive advertising but genuine merit has placed McDonald's Improved Liver Pills at the head of the list, the most exacting, scrupulous care exercised in selection of materials, the highest attainable chemical skill employed in their manufacture, and sold on an honest guarantee. Dissatisfied buyers can have their money refunded.

Sold at Murrays.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co., Philadelphia Agents.

TAKE NOTICE OF THIS SPLENDID BARGAIN.—The "New York Weekly World," one of the best weeklies in the United States, by special arrangement with the World publishers, can be had very low by clubbing with the "Reporter." Two new names, clubbing for the "Reporter," will each get the two papers, the "World" and the "Reporter" one year, cash in advance, for $2.25, the regular price for the two being $3. Subscribers to the "Reporter" can have the "World" and "Reporter" for $2.50, in advance, or for $2.25 when clubbing with two new names.

AN ANSWER WANTED.

Can any one bring us a case of Kidney or Liver Complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they cannot, as thousands of cases already permanently cured and who are daily recommending Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's disease, diabetes, weak back, or any urinary complaint quickly cured. They purified the blood, regulate the bowels, and act directly on the diseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50c a bottle by all druggists.

An old and a new subscriber to the Reporter can get the New York Weekly World, each one year, for $2.25 sent us in advance. A great bargain. tf

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents a box. For sale by all druggists. jan7y

Basing his views on very wide experience, those of Sir Joseph Fayrer on the treatment of snake poisoning are far from encouraging: "To conceive of an antidote (as that term is usually understood) we must conceive of a substance so subtile as to follow, overtake, and neutralize the poison in the blood, and that shall have the power of counteracting or neutralizing the poisonous and deadly influence it has exerted on vital force. Such a substance has still to be found, nor does our present experience of drugs give hopeful anticipation that we shall find it." Six years ago he expressed that opinion, and it appears he has since seen no reason to modify it.

A special machine for trepanning and for boring out steel ingots up to 40 inches diameter, and to about 23 feet length, has just been completed for the great ordnance works at Elswick. It is double ended, and the ingots are bored from each end simultaneously. The boring bars are propelled by a large steel screw, and the ingot is held and rotated within a large hollow headstock. The boring bars do not revolve, but suitable stays by which the weight bearing upon the central head-stock is greatly reduced. This machine is 70 feet in length over all, is massive in construction, and weighs about 50 tons.

"I don't like to think of you marrying that young helper," said the careful father. "Why pa, what's the matter?" asked his daughter. "Well, he seems to be pretty short of cash just now." "Oh, well, papa, this is the dull season, you know. He'll have plenty of money in a month or so?" "How so" "Why, he's going to open a plumbing establishment, you know."

MIRAGE OF THE SOUDAN.

Colonel Colborne, an officer attached to Hicks Pacha's ill-fated expedition, thus describes a ride in the Soudan, across the two hundred and eighty miles of desert between Berber and the Red Sea: The camels labored through the yielding sand, sinking under their feet at every step. The mirage was intensely real. Before me lay a lake, its blue waters laughing in the sun, studded with gem like islets clad with verdure, and bordered by castles, high turrets and battlements, and again by gleaming villages and smiling hamlets—the whole scene fairy-like in its beauty, and a painful contrast to the arid sand and fierce heat and consuming thirst from which I was suffering. It is in vain that one rubs one's eyes and seeks to disabuse one's self of the illusion. The thing is there, undeniable, apparently solid and and tangible; you know it is mocking you like an *ignis fatuus*, but the most accurate knowledge of the physical laws which govern the phenomenon will not brush it away from the retina. There is small wonder that the ignorant and inexperienced should have frequently yielded to the delusion. Life is the price paid for such a mistake.

Some years ago a company of soldiers perished from thirst in this region. Disregarding the warning of their guides, the poor fellows, fresh from Egypt, and mad with thirst, broke from the ranks and rushed toward the seeming lakes of transparent water which was presented to their eyes on all sides. They pressed on eagerly toward the ever-receding phantasm, and one by one fell prostrate to leave their bones to bleach on the sand. On another occasion a detachment was sent across the desert to Berber on its way to Khartoum. The soldiers, refusing to be checked by the guides, consumed all their water when in sight of the mountains of El-Bok, confident of their ability to reach the well. The heat was intense. The men became prostrate, and in a few hours died one by one in horrible agony. The Arabs call the mirage *bareh Snayton*—"the devil's sea."

DIAMONDS.

An article has been going the rounds of the press, copied from a French paper, showing the power of diamonds to absorb and retain light. According to this article, it appears that a gentleman having a large diamond subjected it to the sun's rays for an hour, and afterwards removed it to a dark room, where it emitted sufficient light to render a piece of white paper visible. The tradition of this power of the diamond is very old and has been worked into romance, I think, by Bulwer. This article reminds me of an experiment of which I was an eye witness, some twenty-five years ago. Capt. Samuel Dewey, formerly well known as the man who decapitated the figure of Gen. Jackson on the frigate Constitution, while lying in Boston Harbor, called upon me one day, and, alluding to the tradition, said he had in his possession a very large diamond and would like to try the experiment. The city had a short time before introduced the fire-alarm telegraph, and we obtained permission to use their battery to obtain the desired light, which was done by placing the ends of two wires near together and running a continued stream of electricity from one to the other. Accordingly one evening we repaired to the office of the telegraph company, and after exposing the diamond to this intense electric light for fifteen minutes, the current was cut off and the room left perfectly dark, but the diamond had become quite luminous and emitted light for some ten or fifteen minutes, when it gradually faded from sight. I have never been able to obtain any satisfactory explanation of this phenomenon, but should be very glad to hear a scientific reason for it.

SILK CANNON.

The "leather" guns of old, barrels of leather bound with iron hoops, are to find an imitation in cannons of silk and steel. A German inventor proposes to wrap a steel tube with silk until a diameter is attained corresponding with the ballistic power which is required for the cannon. For any given diameter silk possesses a tenacity as great as that of the best tempered steel and has the advantage of a superior elasticity. After the tube has been made it is centred upon a lathe which turns with a great angular velocity. Above and parallel with the tube are arranged a number of spools of silk, which cover the surface in the form of a helix, by means of guides, without leaving any space between the threads. When the desired thickness has been obtained, the silk is coated with gutta percha or hardened caoutchouc, in order to preserve it from air and dampness. The silk being a bad conductor of heat, the gun can be fired very often without getting hot, and it is stated that it can be more easily managed, since its weight is only one third as great as if it only were of steel.

HISTORY OF THE ROSE APHIS.

The life history of the rose aphis, small and familiar as is the insect itself, forms one of the most marvelous and extraordinary chapters in all fairy tales of modern science. Nobody need wonder why the blight attacks his roses so persistently when once he has learned the unusual provision for exceptional fertility in the reproduction of these insect plagues. The whole story is too long to give at full length, but here is a brief recapitulation of a year's generation of common aphides. In the Spring, the eggs of last year's crop, which have been laid by the mothers in nooks and crannies out of reach of the frost, are quickened into life by the first return of warm weather, and hatch out their brood of insects. All this brood consists of imperfect females, without a single male among them, and they all fasten at once upon the young buds of their native bush, where they pass a sluggish and uneventful existence in sucking up the juice from the veins on the one hand and secreting honeydew upon the other. Four times they moult their skins, these moults being in some respects analogous to the metamorphosis of the caterpillar into chrysalis and butterfly. After the fourth moult the young aphides attain maturity, and then they give origin, parthenogentically, to a second brood, also of imperfect females, all produced without any fathers. This second brood brings forth in like manner a third generation, asexual as before, and the same process is repeated without intermission as long as the warm weather lasts. In each case the young simply bud out from the ovaries of the mothers, exactly as new crops of leaves bud out from the rose branch on which they grow. Eleven generations have thus been observed to follow one another rapidly in a single Summer; and indeed by keeping the aphides in a warm room, one may even make them continue their reproduction in this purely vegetative fashion for as many as four years running. But as soon as the cold weather begins to set in, perfect male and female insects are produced by the last swarms of parthenogenetic mothers; and these true females, after being fertilized, lay the eggs which remain through the Winter, and from which the next Summer's broods have to begin afresh the wonderful cycle. Thus, only one generation of aphides, out of 10 or 11, consists of true males and females: all the rest are false females producing young by a process of budding.

WOMEN IN THE ROYAL NAVY.

In 1812 her Majesty's ship Swallow fought two French vessels off Frejus. It was on June 16, and after a most obstinate action she succeeded in driving them both in under the batteries of the town. The following anecdote, as narrated by one of the officers of the Swallow, is told at some length in the *Naval Chronicle*, xxiii., 196: "In the gallant and sanguinary action there was a seaman named Phelan, who had his wife on board. She was stationed—as is usual when women are on board in time of battle—to assist the surgeon in the care of the wounded. From the close manner in which the Swallow engaged the enemy, yardarm and yardarm, the wounded, as may be expected, were brought below very fast; among the rest, a messmate of her husband, (consequently her own,) who had received a musket ball through the side. Her exertions were used to console the poor fellow, who was in great agonies and nearly breathing his last, when by some chance she heard her husband was wounded on deck. Her anxiety and already overpowered feelings could not one moment be restrained; she rushed instantly on deck and received the wounded tar in her arms. He faintly raised his head to kiss her; she burst into a flood of tears, and told him to take courage, 'All would yet be well,' but scarcely pronounced the last syllable when an ill-directed shot took her head off. The poor tar, who was closely wrapped in her arms, opened his eyes once more, then shut them forever. * * * Phelan and his wife were sewed up in one hammock, and, it is needless to say, buried in one grave." The narrator adds to the pathos of the above story telling how, only three weeks before, a fine boy had been born to them, and how poor Tommy fared until they put into Port Mahon. The sailors agreed "he should have a hundred fathers, but what could be the substitute of a nurse and a mother?" Happily, there was a Maltese goat on board which proved as tractable and faithful to its charge as the immortal dumb foster mother of Roman story. In Rodney's battle with De Guichen off the Pearl Rock, Martinique, April 17, 1780, there was a woman on board the Sandwich, Rodney's flagship, who "fought a 24-pounder gun, and afterward attended the whole night upon the wounded men."

All [illegible] purchasers presented with [illegible]—Valentines Store Co[illegible]

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of Sundry Writs of Fieri Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County and to me directed, will be exposed at public sale at the Court House, in the borough of Bellefonte, on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1885,

1¼ o'clock p. m., the following property, to wit:

No. 1—All that certain lot or piece of ground situated in the borough of Philipsburg, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the northeast running by Calhoun's street, thence on the southeast 100 feet by lands of Kolb's Loyd and on the southwest by the premises of Sarah Doeph and on the northwest by lot No. 15 being in half of lot No. 16. Thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Elizabeth S. Bennett

No. 2—All that certain messuage tenement and tract of land situated in Unionville borough, Centre county, Pa., bounded on the east by lot of Daniel Hall, on the south by Union street, on the west by Main street and on the north by Allegheney street, being lot No. 16, in general plan of said borough of Unionville. Thereon erected a hotel, stable and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of A. T. Leathers.

No. 3—All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situated in Potter township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a stone, thence by lands of Leonard Rhone north 51° east 104 perches to stones, thence by lands formerly of John Neff north 37° west 86 6-10 perches to stones at road, thence by lands of Joseph Krotzer south 47° west 68 perches along the side of the road to stones, thence by the same south 59½° west 82 perches to stones, thence by same south 45° west 25⅝ perches to a stone, thence by the same north 29° west 49 perches to a stone, thence by same south 59° west 46 perches to a stone in the middle of the lane, thence by lands of Joshua Potter's heirs south 29½° west 47 3-10 perches to a stone, thence by lands of Mrs. Samuel VanTries' heirs north 77° east 126 perches to the place of beginning, containing 90 ACRES and allowance. Thereon erected a two-story dwelling house, bank barn and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Joseph Crotzer.

No. 4—All that certain lot or piece of ground situated in the borough of Philipsburg, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: On the northeast by Front street on the southeast by the Tyrone & Clearfield Railroad, on the northwest by the property of Adam Moyer and on the southwest by lot belonging to the estate of Joseph Jones, dec'd. Said building is an Opera House, frame, brick encased, 66 feet in front, and 100 feet in depth. It is two stories high, the main audience room is on second floor with three store rooms in first floor and stairway to opera room. All constituting one building known as the Pierce Opera House. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of J. H. Pierce and H. L. Pierce, owners.

TERMS—No deed will be acknowledged until purchase money be paid in full.

W. MILES WALKER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Jan. 7, 1885.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—The following accounts have been examined, passed and remain filed of record in this office for the inspection of heirs, legatees, creditors and all others in any wise interested, and will be presented to the Orphan's Court of Centre County, on Wednesday, the 28th day of January, A. D., 1885, for allowance and confirmation:

1 The account of Samuel Gramley, administrator of &c. of Daniel Conser, late of Miles township, dec'd.

2 The first and final account of John W Smith, administrator of &c. of James Mahaffey, late of Howard borough, dec'd.

3 The first and partial account of Clement Dale, administrator E. B. N. C. T. A. of &c. of David Etters, late of Benner twp., dec'd.

4 The account of Joseph W. Marshall, executor of &c, of Ann Cathcart, late of Benner township, dec'd.

5 The account of A W Ulrich, executor of &c of Samuel Grape, late of Penn township, dec'd.

6 The account of Peter Barefoot, administrator of &c. of Susan Lee, late of Potter township, dec'd.

7 The first and partial account of John P Harris, guardian of A. M. and Katara Barr, minor children of S L Barr, late of Bellefonte borough, dec'd.

8 The account of George Korman, guardian of Blanch L Korman, a minor child of Aaron Korman, dec'd, as filed by D W Garbrick and S M Long, executors of George Korman, dec'd.

9 The account of George Korman, guardian of Julia Frazier, a minor child of Jonathan Frazier, dec'd, as filed by D W Garbrick and S M Long, executors of George Korman, late of Gregg township, dec'd.

10 The account of George Korman, guardian of Sarah E Jamison, a minor child of Mary E Jamison, dec'd, as filed by D W Garbrick and S M Long, executors of George Korman, dec'd.

11 The account of George Korman, guardian of Alfred T Korman, a minor child of Aaron Korman, late of Walker twp., dec'd, as filed by D W Garbrick and S M Long, executor of &c. of George Korman, dec'd.

12 The account of M L Rishel, administrator of &c. of Michael Schultz, late of Gregg twp, dec'd.

13 The account of Jas. F. Weaver, Trustee to sell the real estate of John Shope, late of Boggs township, dec'd.

14 The account of James A Keller, administrator of &c. of Andrew Keller, late of Potter township, dec'd.

15 The second and final account of Peter Hoy and Benjamin Roush, trustees to sell real estate in partition of Jacob Hoy, late of Marion township, deceased.

16 The second and final account of Peter Hoy and Benjamin Roush, administrators of &c. of Jacob Hoy, late of Marion twp, dec'd.

17 The account of Adam Hoy and C Dale, Jr., executors of &c. of John Rockey, late of Spring twp, dec'd.

18 The account of Samuel M McMurtrie, administrator of &c. of Ann Eliza McMurtrie, late of Spring twp., dec'd.

19 The account of Andrew Brockerhoff, administrator de bonis non &c. of Felix Mullen, late of Bellefonte borough, dec'd.

20 The third and partial account of E. C. Humes and Adam Hoy, administrator of the Hon. James T. Hale, late of Bellefonte borough, dec'd, as filed by Adam Hoy.

21 The second partial account of John P. Harris, administrator of &c. of Samuel Harris, late of Bellefonte borough, dec'd.

JAMES A. McCLAIN, Register.

Bellefonte, Pa., Dec. 29, '84.

Best and Cheapest.

TWO WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE.

AND THE BEST DAILY AT LOW RATES.

The "Harrisburg Weekly Patriot" is a large 8-page sheet and contains a greater variety of reading matter than any other paper published. It is newsy, spicy, instructive and entertaining. The subscription price of the "Weekly Patriot" is $1 per annum cash in advance.

CLUBBING.

The Weekly Patriot and the New York Weekly Sun will be sent to any address, post paid, 1 year for $1.90; the Weekly Patriot and the New York Weekly World to any address, post paid, for one year for $1.90; the Weekly Patriot and the Philadelphia Saturday Record, post paid, one year for $1.90; the Weekly Patriot and the Philadelphia Weekly Times, post paid, one year for $1.85. In all cases the cash must accompany the order.

THE DAILY PATRIOT

is the only paper published at the state capital; the only morning paper outside of Philadelphia and Pittsburg that gets the complete Associated Press news, and that has a general system of special telegrams; and the only daily that reaches the interior towns of Pennsylvania before the Philadelphia and New York papers. The Daily Patriot has been greatly improved in all its departments within the last six months and is now equal in all respects and superior in some to the dailies of the larger cities. Price by mail $6 per annum in advance (or $7 if not paid in advance); $3 for 6 months, in advance; $1.50 for 3 months, in advance; to clubs of five $5 per copy per annum; to clubs of ten $4.50 per copy per annum. The Daily Patriot and the Philadelphia Daily Record (Sunday edition excepted) will be sent one year to any address for $8 cash in advance. Send for specimen copies of the Daily and Weekly Patriot. In remitting money for subscription send post office money order, check or draft. Address

PATRIOT PUBLISHING CO., 17dec4t 320 Market St., Harrisburg, Pa.

ONE BY ONE

Though from the boughs to which they've long been clinging,
The Autumn leaves are dropping one by one,
Yet from their dust new forms of beauty, springing,
Shall smile again in Summer's gentle sun

Though one by one the pearly drops of morning,
From drooping flowers, on viewless pinions rise,
We'll see them yet the gorgeous clouds adorning
With glowing arches of celestial dyes.

Though one by one the stars are fading slowly,
That all night long kept vigil in the sky,
The distant mountain peaks, like prophets holy,
Proclaim that morning's light and song are nigh.

Though with slow step goes forth its sower, weeping,
And on earth's lap his precious treasure leaves,
Yet comes the harvest, with its joyous reaping,
When shall be gathered home the ripened sheaves.

Though one by one the friends we fondly cherish
Withdraw from ours the cold and trembling hand,
And leave us sorrowful, they do not perish—
They yet shall greet us in a fairer land.

Yes, from all climes, where'er the faithful slumber—
frost,
Stainless they'll rise, in myriads without
'Neath scorching suns or Arctic snow and number;
All, all shall meet— there shall not one be lost.

HIS IDEAL.

"Of all the loves on earth—a man in love!" Hal Liscomb exclaimed, watching the cloud of blue vapor ascend among the branches. "I wish, with my whole heart, that the whole mass of women could be sent to an island in the South Sea!"

His companion looked off to the west, a softened light in his hazel eyes, a smile on his mustached lip.

"How many of your own sex do you think would remain here, then?" he questioned. "Hal, you ought to fall in love yourself; it's the making of a fellow; and when you do take the malady, which you certainly will some time, won't you take it badly! All you women-haters do; it's a sort of judgment on them."

"When I *do*!" and there was a volume in the tone. "When I do, you may laugh at me, as I feel inclined——"

Galloping hoofs struck on the evening quiet, and Hal left his sentence unfinished, lifting himself on his elbow to see the horse and rider. A lithe, black pony was coming along the highway at full speed, bearing a girl whose beauty was enhanced by her enjoyment, and who seemed at perfect ease in the saddle; she did not see the two friends, who were lying among the shadows just in from the roadway; and in a moment, as it seemed, she had appeared and vanished, leaving behind her but the memory of her dark face, her flowing black hair, and her upright, graceful figure, for the falling shadows hid her from them instantly.

Grant Lawson merely lifted his dark head, and allowed it to fall back again into his clasped hands, when he saw the rider. But he smiled a rather satirical smile as Hal, flinging his cigar hurriedly away, sprang to his feet, trying to follow the vanishing beauty with his eyes.

"In the name of all the godesses!" he cried, "what have we seen, Grant?"

"One of those animals which are not desirable this side of the South Sea," Grant answered, indolently. "She has a few others like you at her chariot wheels, Hal, *Don't* lose your head! Jove!" looking at his watch, "we'll be late for dinner! No wonder Ethel was riding like a jockey. Come, Hal." And he lifted himself from his easy position, took up his hat, and prepared to proceed toward his home.

"Ethel?" Hal repeated, as they walked along. "Is that the cousin you were telling me of?"

"The same. I told her of you, too; told her you were a woman-hater."

"Very kind of you," Hal answered, grimly. "What did she say?"

"Oh, not much. She remarked that there was always something wrong with men who railed at women. By the way," he continued, inwardly amused by the uncomfortable look on his friend's face, "how are you doing with your great picture?"

"Failing," Hal said, laconically. "Can't find my ideal face; and the face I want is that of a woman too."

"What sort of face do you want? Don't be too ideal since you paint for human eyes, my friend."

"I have never sought it in a ballroom," Hal responded, a trifle bitterly. "I never fancied I would find it in the trained beauties of society; for I want a face of truth and purity, spirited, but gentle; peaceful but not lacking soul; pure but not too spiritueile. I want deep earnest eyes, soulful, steady, tender but fearless, with something holy in their depths; gentle earnest lips, that look as though they can quiver as readily as smile, that can reproach where there is a wrong or command where there is a right; a broad, low brow, with marks of ideality and tender thought; masses of dark hair, falling far in rich disorder, framing this face of mine—"

"Yours?" with an upliftiug of Grant's eyebrows. "You would want to own it then? You are in love with your ideal, as that sculptor was with his statue, Hal, and if I don't make a mistake, my boy, you have found it. Here we are, and the girls are on the veranda. No more at present, but if you are not blind——"

He sprang up the steps, three at a time, Hal following more leisurely, and when he reached Grant he found himself before a dark-eyed stranger, with whom Grant was laughing.

"Allow me to attract your attention to an individual who holds a deadly hatred for your adorable sex," Grant commenced, solemnly. "Miss Allen, this is our woman-hater, Mr. Hal Liscomb. Enlighten his darkness."

Ethel Allen lifted her dark, dreamy eyes to the fair face of the young man, and a slight smile touched her lips as she withdrew the hand which she had half extended before it had reached his own.

"'And whereas, by petulance or pride, I had haply said some evil,
Mine afterthought was tolerance to bear the faults of all.'"

she quoted gently. And a feeling akin to shame went over the young man, while those dark, slumbrous eyes with their hint of hidden fire, were tracing his blonds face earnestly; and he understood that because of the term "woman-hater" he had lost a touch of the girl's white fingers.

He saw her again at dinner, when she sat directly across from him, in a dress of pure white, with crimson and white roses on her bosom, and when he and Grant followed the ladies to the parlor she was playing softly, her white hand fluttering above the piano keys, her dark head bent, her whole attitude showing that at that moment the world was far from the heart of the girl.

Grant's voice recalled her, and looking up dreamily at his request for a song, she bent her head once more and complied. She sang that peculiar German legend, "Death and the Nightingale." The lights were low, owing to the sociable spirit shown in warm weather by the mosquitos. Hal drew somewhat apart, sinking into a chair near an open window, and as she sung the low, sad words:

"Dark was the night,
And dying the king
And specters were around him
In weird white ring!
No one was near
To comfort the king;
And the moon shone in at the window!"

Hal Liscomb's impulsive heart, impulsive still, despite of its seeming coldness, thrilled warmly at her voice.

"I will paint her some time as I see her now with the shadows on her face and that white drapery about her," he told himself.

Far below in the meadow, among the bushes that fringed a stream, whippoorwills began to send forth plaintive calls, and, the song finished, Miss Allen left the piano, crossed the room and went out to the starlight.

"Come," she called "let us go outside; I want to hear the whippoorwills; it is a year since I heard them, cousin Alice."

They followed her, all save Mrs. Lawson, who settled herself for a nap in her chair; and presently Grant asked his friend to sing. Miss Allen turned from watching the clouds that were mingling their fleeces above her, and looked down to where her cousin's guest sat on a low seat, almost at her feet. Was it the soft light, he wondered, that made her eyes so dark and dreamy, her lips so red and sweet?

"Let it be something plaintive," she said; and he obeyed her, singing Scott's beautiful gem, "To Mary:"

"The heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head;
My lullaby the warder's tread,
Far, far from love and thee, Mary."

Below, the whippoorwills still sang, the man's voice echoed softly on the silent night, and when he had finished he looked up. Was he again mistaken, or had the girl's eyes gloomed to midnight, and were her lips tremulous?

Three weeks had gone and Hal Liscomb wondered why he felt so reluctant to go back to his home. He did not see very much of Grant, for that young man was very deeply in love and spent much of his time with the girl who was to be his wife, leaving his friend to idle as he pleased, knowing this would please him. He—Hal—had made many sketches; but his pencil was very willingly laid aside when Ethel would allow him to be her companion in her walks or rides, or when she would bid him read for her on the wide veranda, or under the trees of the lawn. On this particular day he had failed to find her, and so had gone aimlessly rambling about. Suddenly, coming upon a cottage which stood quite alone, nearly a mile from the village, on the edge of which Grant's home was, he saw her black pony at the door.

"I'll surprise her and walk back with her through the shadows," he told himself, not stopping to analyze the pleasure which this thought gave him; and he went swiftly toward the open door. On the threshold he paused—paused, drawing his breath sharply, and baring his head with sudden reverence.

A woman bent by time, and shrunken from suffering, was sitting in a large chair, pillows about [illegible] and at her feet, sitting on a [illegible]as Ethel Allen in all her glorious beauty. She had removed her hat, and her dark hair shone under the sweet touches. There was an open book on her knees, and her clear voice floated to him, touching him as no voice had since a child he had so sat at the knee of his mother while she read, as Ethel read now, the word of God. The voice was like music—sweet, low, fervent. His heart throbbed, his eyes, moistened while he listened; and all the hardness that had enveloped his life for half a dozen years melted from it in that moment, as though the mother-hand again lay softly on his hair, the mother-lips whispered him, "My son!"

He turned silently away, going back through the shadows alone; and one thought went with him, one purpose grew strong in his bosom—if she was to be won, he would win this girl for his wife! What blindness had possessed him? While deaming his idle dreams he had passed this beautiful life by with its silent beauty and womanly gentleness. While looking for an ideal he had closed his eyes when the reality had been met by him. His pulses were throbbing when he went from his room that evening to join the others at dinner. He met her in the corridor above and went straight to her; she wore a costume of thin black, from which arms and neck shone dazzingly; she carried a cluster of white roses in her hand, and looked at him with a smile as he approached her.

"Miss Allen," he said, his tones vibrating, "if a man should tell you that his future lay in your hands, what would you do?"

She looked at him with darkened eyes, and her lips quivered slightly. Surely those were the eyes he had sought for his great picture, those were the delicate, earnest lips!

"Should a man lay his heart at your feet, what would you do?" he questioned; and her dark eyes lighted with womanly strength as she answered him.

"I would lift it," she said, softly; "I would tell him that at the feet of a woman like myself was not its place; and I would take it as God's best blessing granted to my life."

"If it was *mine*!" he questioned, taking her hands eagerly and holding them against his heart.

"If it was yours," she whispered softly; and he laid his lips on the beautiful hands in which the white roses were still unwithered.

"My love," he said, softly, and then a door opened near them and a low whistle greeted them.

"So you have found your ideal at last?" Grant cried triumphantly. "Now, what a bore you'll be—eh, Hal? And you rather take that back about banishing all women to the South Sea islands, I suppose?"

"Unless I be allowed to follow," Hal laughed, coloring a little, as Ethel drew her hands from his, leaving him, however one of the white roses.

A Bird's Wisdom.

In California the woodpecker stores acorns away, although he never eats them. He bores several holes differing slightly in size, at the fall of the year, invariably in a pine tree. Then he finds an acorn, which he adjusts to one of the holes prepared for its reception. But he does not eat the acorn, for, as a rule, he is not a vegetarian. His object in storing away the acorn exhibits foresight and knowledge of results more akin to reason than to instinct. The succeeding winter the acorn remains intact, but becoming saturated, is predisposed to decay, when it is attacked by maggots, who seem to delight in this special food. It is then that the woodpecker reaps the harvest his wisdom has provided, at a time when the ground being covered with snow, he found he would experience a difficulty otherwise in obtaining suitable or palatable food. It is a subject of speculation why the redwood cedar or the sugar pine is invariably selected. It is not probable that the insect, the woodpecker is so fond of is found only on the outside of two trees; but true it is that in Calaveras, Mariposa and other districts of California, trees of this kind may be frequently seen covered all over their trunks with acorns, when there is not an oak tree within several miles.

Better Too Cold Than Too Hot.

asked Lieutenant Sewatka if he had any hankering after another polar trip and he said that he would not at all object to one, as he thought after a man had once been up in the polar region, he wanted to go again, and that it was not as hard to stand the intense cold as to stand intense heat; that he would much prefer a winter at the pole to a summer such as he had just passed at the military post in Arizona, where he was stationed. He said that many a day this summer the thermometer was 118 in the shade, and even at night it was 104. The only way that they could make their beds at all habitable was by filling a wisp room with water and sprinkling the sheets, and then, he said, the water at the foot of the bed would dry before he was done sprinkling the pillows. He seemed to think arctic life a luxury to this; and though I have never experienced either, I should incline to agree with him.

Little brown straw jugs are filled with roses and tied with ribbons.

Courting in Church.

In talking of courting in church a reformed preacher said; when I rise in my pulpit on Sunday evening and look over the congregation, what do I see? In the pews near the front are the elders and deacons, good men, with their shining bald heads and attentive faces. Their wives are with them, and here and there is a maiden lady. Then in the centre is a broad desert of empty pews, and way back in the rear, massed around the doors, as you might say are young people, always in pairs. I am glad to see them. I always preach better to the young, and I plunge into my sermon with energy and animation. After a particularly telling point, aimed right at these young people, I look up to enforce with gesture and personal glance what I have to say, and instead of finding the eyes of my back-seat congregation turned upon me in attentive interest they are not paying the slightest attention to me. They are not even looking at me. But there they sit looking into each other's eyes like young calves, or, perhaps, he added, with bitter sarcasm "as the poet expresses it. 'Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again!'"

"I got tired of that sort of thing last winter," he resumed, after a brief pause, "and I made up my mind that I would have their attention for a little while at least. I began a series of what I call back seat sermons. They don't differ materially from the other sermons, except that at certain intervals, which I mark, I shout out with great force 'Young man' and then pause as if for rhetorical effect. The effect is rhetorical merely on the front-seat congregation but electrical on the back-seat congregation. The young men who have been devoting their entire attention to exploring the liquid depths of their sweethearts' eyes give a stare and their companions do the same and every face on the back seat is turned toward me. In their guilty self-consciousness of using the church to do their courting in, they think that they are being personally rebuked from the pulpit. While I have their attention I improve the opportunity by pouring out some gospel hot shot. However, as soon as the first shock is over, and they have glanced around and found everything quiet, they fall to courting again with renewed vigor. Then I come at them again, and suddenly shout out, 'Young woman!' with the same effect as before, and the same pouring out of gospel truth. So, you see, in this way I gain the attention of my audience for afew brief minutes at any rate."

The reporter gazed with admiration upon a man who had contrived such an ingenious device, but then a thought occurred, and he said: "I should think that the young people, after a few such shocks as you describe, would prefer to go to some other church."

"No, they don't" he replied with a satisfied smile. "They seem to like it. It gives a spice of danger and adventure to their courting, as if some one was trying to separate them. Since I began these sermons this element in the evening congregations has actually increased. You see, they are obliged to hear some of the sermons, and, their attention being aroused so suddenly, what they hear is impressed on their minds, and they remember it. From this circumstance, which is entirely novel in their experience, they get the idea that I am a very powerful and elegant preacher, and my fame has extended.

Moscow.

It would be a very incomplete sketch of Moscow that did not treat of the "traktirs," or tea-houses. They abound in every street, lane and alley, rivaling in their numbers the public houses of western lands. The drinking of "tcha" is, indeed, a prominent feature of Russian life. Everyone has heard of the precious packages of tea, the best that the Flowery Land can produce, brought across the steppes of Tartary and through the passes of the Oural Mountains to the great fair of Nishni-Novgorod. Enter a traktir at what hour of the day you please it always seems crowded. A corpulent little saint with a smiling countenance, who is supposed especially to preside over tea-drinking, is perched in one corner. The Russians, as they enter, uncover their heads and bow to the patron of "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates." Profusely perspiring, and, indeed, completely saturated with tea, the habitues talk over and settle matters of business or pleasure, strike bargains, or balance accounts. Merchants, brokers and bankers confer and transact business; pleasure seekers arrange their plans; estranged friends make up their quarrels over the steaming tumblers. Who can doubt that tea-drinking in Moscow is a great National institution?

One of the chief houses of call for merchants in Moscow is the Moskouski Traktir. This is no ordinary establishment. Tall, robust servants, in white trousers and tunics, move to and fro, and assiduously wait upon the guests. The cooking at this establishment is celebrated, but it is for tea-drinking that it is chiefly frequented. If you have no one to talk to, you can smoke a pipe or cigarette, or listen to the organ. At almost all the restaurants, however humble, music is supplied. The organ at the Moskouski Traktir was made at Wurtemburg, expressly for this establishment, and cost £3,000. It plays when it is wound up, and is limited to just twenty tunes, so that those who frequent this traktir year after year must find a little sameness in the performance. But, after all, it is in the tea-gardens and similar suburban resorts that the most pleasing phases of Russian tea-drinking are witnessed. Beneath the trees, in every direction, happy families surround the burnished urn, and in retired nooks the teapots are witnesses to lovers' vows. Petrofski Gardens are a very favorite resort. In 1812 Napoleon lodged here for a time in the chateau built by the Empress Elizabeth. The road from Moscow is thronged with carriages and droskies and well dressed pedestrians.

Guards and police keep order at the gates that admit to the varied attractions within—the promenades, and lawns, and copses, the rustic cottages, stalactite caves, and glens, and grottoes; the lake, the fountain, and the marble statues. In the evening, avenues of many-colored lights and festooned arches conduct to pagodas used as theaters for various entertainments—comic dramas, in which the fun is somewhat broad and grotesque, exhibitions of tumbling, etc. Grand displays of fireworks terminate the proceedings. The ordinary town-peasant usually affects a red shirt and high boots. The moulik, fresh from the country, is mostly clad in a suit of undyed homespun cloth, and in lieu of stockings he winds cloths around his legs. His feet are shod with sandals of plaited linden bark. The lower classes in Moscow are, for the most part, smiling and good-natured, but slow, slouching, and shabby in their appearance. They are also very frequently drunk; for, though fond of "tchai," they by no means confine themselves to it. In addition to Sundays, there are no less than fifty clearly defined annual holidays kept in Moscow, and the holiday-makers are usually incapable all next day.

A Russian nurse is a conspicous object in the public street. If her infant charge is a boy, she is attired in blue; if a girl, in red. Should she be in the service of some rich family, her dress is lavishly trimmed with gold, above which hangs an apron of fine dotted muslin. There is plenty of bread made in Moscow which is not black; indeed good sweet bread is a specialty of the city, and is often sent as a present to friends in St. Petersburg. The water is brought twelve miles in water courses from the Mytistchi Springs to the public fountains, but it is very seldom laid on to private houses. Accordingly, to supply domestic needs a tribe of water-carriers are out at early dawn. The water carriers are only one among many classes of itinerant venders and workers.

A funeral in Moscow, when conducted, as is usually the case, in the orthodox National manner, is a picturesque and interesting spectacle. The procession is headed by long-bearded priests in their black robes, carrying shrines and burning tapers in their hands. Next comes the hearse with four horses. On the steps of the hearse are more priests holding images of the Saviour over the coffin. Yet more follow, speaking words of consolation to the friends and relatives of the departed. As the procession moves on the people in the streets cease from their occupation, uncover their heads, bow, and pray for the repose of the deceased. The countless pigeons of Moscow are a feature of the city which ought not to remain unnoticed. They enjoy life freely, and increase and multiply to an enormous extent, for no one thinks of killing them. In the popular mind they are incarnate emblems of the Holy Spirit.

A Relic of the Revolution.

The jubilees which were held near Bethlehem, Pa., by the Democrats have unearthed a relic of the Revolution which very few of the younger people have ever heard of, much less seen. The relic is a cannon which was used in firing salutes at Democratic celebrations in that and adjoining counties. The cannon, it is said, was captured from the British at the battle of Princeton. The cannon was evidently intended for use on board of a ship, as it cannot be mounted on wheels. It is 5 feet long, with 3¼ inch bore, and the charge used is 1½ pounds of powder. It was purchased many years ago from the late lawyer Gibbons of Allentown by the late Capt. C. Ritter of Rittersville. The latter sold [illegible] company, consisting of [illegible] Ginkinger and Frank, [illegible] Tilghman Reichart. [illegible] now controls the greater [illegible] stock, and he has been the [illegible] the past thirty years and [illegible] many political celebrations.

Gambetta.

The accepted design, by MM. [illegible] Aube and Boileau, for the Paris [illegible]ue of Gambetta shows a quadrangular pyramid surmounted by a winged [illegible] bearing upon its back a figure of the Republic. At the base Gambetta stands, addressing the public. At the base Gambetta stands, calling France to arms and [illegible] "War to the knife!" At the other [illegible] are figures of Union, Strength and Truth; electoral urns at [illegible] corners, and quotations from Gambetta's most noted speeches are graven on the faces of the pile.

Bracelets of violets are worn above the elbow with evening dresses.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Good [illegible] like a good name, is got by many [illegible]ns, and lost by one.

Praise [illegible]erserved is satire in disguise.

Let each one do according to his ability.

The worst wheel of a cart always creaks most.

There is not a moment without some duty.

Bare-footed men must not go among thorns.

A crooked stick will have a crooked shadow.

When all is consumed, repentance comes too late.

The doing evil to avoid an evil cannot be good.

Associate with the wise, and their knowledge will cling to thy skirts.

Nothing is so credulous as vanity, or so ignorant of what becomes itself.

The desire of appearing to be persons of ability often prevents our being so.

Satire often proceeds less from ill-nature than from the desire of displaying wit.

Even genius itself is but fine observation strengthened by fixity of purpose.

As charity covers a multitude of sins before God, so does politeness before man.

Wisdom prepares for the worst, but folly gives the worst for the day when it comes.

A man's heart, like the moon, is always changing; yet there is always a man in it.

All other knowledge is hurtful to one who has not the science of honesty and good nature.

The noble "I will" has no worse enemy than the cowardly, self-deceiving "yes if I choose."

We attract hearts by the qualities we display; we retain them by the qualities we possess.

Love is never lost. If not reciprocated it will flow back and soften and purify the heart.

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.

Take care to be an economist in prosperity; there is no fear of your not being one in adversity.

The man who "loses his head" soonest in critical times, is a man who has but little in his head.

Sophistry is like a window curtain—it pleases as an ornament, but its use is to keep out the light.

There is no harder shield for the devil to pierce with temptation than singing with prayer.

Next to victory, there is nothing so sweet as defeat, if only the right adversary overcomes you.

Imitate time. It destroys surely. It undermines, wears, loosens, separates.—It does not uproot.

Truth—the open, bold, honest truth—is always the safest, for any one, in any and all circumstances.

To all intents and purposes, he who will not open his eyes is, for the present, as blind as he that cannot.

Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarreling or a tenth part of the wickedness there is.

It is a good sign to see the color of health upon a man's face, but not to see it all concentrated in his nose.

Moods are the climates of the mind.—They warm or chill resolves and are in turn our flatterers or our satirists.

Open your mouth and purse cautiously, and your stock of reputation and wealth shall, at least in repute, be great.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.

Contentment is a pearl of great price, and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires makes a wise and happy purchase.

Open your mouth but seldom, and never but to the point and purpose. Shut it close when misjudging friendship holds the glass to your lips.

Write your name with kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the people you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.

Exploding many things under the name of trifles is very false proof either of wisdom or magnanimity, and a great check to virtuous actions with regard to fame.

There are persons who have more intelligence than taste, and others who have more taste than intelligence. There is more vanity and caprice in taste than in intelligence.

In nature the valuable and the beautiful usually go hand in hand; and if we do not always trace their union, it is because our limited experience has not yet fathomed all her secrets.

There is no knowledge for which so great a price is paid, as a knowledge of the world; and no one ever became an adept in it, except at the expense of a hardened and wounded heart.

An enlightened mind is not hoodwinked; it is not shut up in a gloomy prison, till it thinks the walls of its own dungeon the limits of the universe, and the reach of its own chain the outer verge of all intelligence.

Each human life is a crystal rather than a surface; it has many faces, and each face seems to him who sees it a complete life; and yet all the faces form but a part of the one life whose depths are concealed from sight.

If you would be exempt from uneasiness, do nothing which you know or suspect is wrong; and if you wish to enjoy the purest pleasure, always do everything in your power which you know is right.

As the sun does not wait for prayers and incantations before he rises, but straightway shines forth, and is hailed of all; so do not wait to do good for applause and noise and praise, but do it of your own desire; and like the sun you will be loved.

AN AUTUMNAL MARRIAGE.

No more
The light and fragrant zephyr wanton roves,
When night descends,
Along the arches of the leafy groves;
No longer bends
The blushing rose its fair and modest head
The zephyr's kiss to meet;
Alas! the zephyr and the rose are dead;
Thus perish all things sweet.

No more
Among the richly-tinted autumn leaves
The night breeze sighs;
It chants a mournful dirge; thus nature grieves
That summer dies.
The night grows longer and the hoar-frost's breath
Begins to chill the air;
Reluctant nature yields again to death
The flowers that bloom so fair.

No more
Doth Corydon his Phillis fair await
Beneath the moon,
Or swing with her upon the garden gate
And sweetly spoon;
For when the forest leaves begin to turn
Apart from all turmoil,
They sit within the parlor snug, and burn
The old man's coal and oil.

DAISY'S LOVE.

"There!" said Herbert Winfield.

He was sitting on the sunny south door-step of the great, fragrant, hay-scented barn, where the sunbeams interlaced each other like slender, waving threads of gold, and the boughs of the old button-ball tree moved softly in the summer breeze.

He was a bright-eyed, bright-faced young fellow, dressed in a cool, white linen suit, with the glitter of a diamond stud at his throat, and slender, shapely hands—and close behind him Daisy Wallace sat with the pretty hands folded on her lap.

She was a daisy by nature as well as by name—a fresh-faced, sunny-haired little creature, whose big brow eyes were shaded by long, dark lashes, and whose nose turned up at the end the least bit in the world, giving a roguish *espiegleris* to the whole expression of her countenance.

"How did you do it?" said Daisy, with her scarlet lips apart and the brown eyes limpid with interest.

"Oh, I managed," said Herbert.

He had split a tiny gold dollar in two and wrought a hole in each, through which he had passed slender blue ribbons.

"Do you like them, Daisy?"

"Very much."

"Then you shall wear one and I the other as pledges of our engagement."

Daisy blushed and laughed as Herbert suspended the golden trinket round her neck, and then glanced down at the broad engagement ring that circled the forefinger of her left hand. Herbert's eyes following her look.

"You do not regret it, Daisy?"

"Regret it? No, Herbert!"

"Because, Daisy, you are so young!"

"I am not too young to know my own mind, Herbert," she said, with an assumption of dignity which was very pretty to look upon. "I was 16 last week!"

Sixteen! Daisy Wallace felt all the dignity of her mature years. Sixteen years old and engaged!

And they sat there, under the shadow of the button-ball tree, with the fragrance of the new hay coming ever and anon to their senses, talking of the house which was one day to be theirs, and even deciding, in boy and girl fashion, what was to be the color of their carpets, and the special flowers to be planted in the garden, and even the pattern of the antique furniture which was to decorate Herbert's library!

"How foolish we are," he said at length, starting up with a laugh.

"Yes; but it is very pleasant to be foolish," Daisy answered, smiling and blushing in the same instant.

Yet, engaged lovers though they were, Daisy had a woman's coquettish little instincts, and in the course of time they wrought trouble between the young hearts.

"I don't like it, Daisy," Herbert said stoutly.

"That's because you are so old-fashioned in your ideas," said Daisey, erecting her slight figure, to look as dignified as possible. "All the girls are delighted with Mr. Sykesleigh."

"All the girls are not engaged to be married!" retorted Herbert bitterly.

"Does it follow that because I am engaged I am to be a prisoner?"

"Daisy, you know better than that."

"You are too exacting, Herbert. I hope you are not going to turn a jealous lover."

"I am not jealous, Daisy" he answered a little coldly; "but I do not like to see the woman who is to be my wife receiving attentions from a man whose character is, to say the best of it, uncertain."

Daisy pouted and tore the petals off the bunch of roses she wore at her belt.

"You will not encourage him any more, Daisy?" pleaded Herbert after a moment of silence.

"I have not encouraged him, Herbert."

"At all events," Herbert Winfield answered, "you know how I feel upon the subject now, and I trust you will respect my opinions."

He went away, for the first time during their engagement, without a kiss, and Daisy, standing there on the piazza, thought how very unreasonable Herbert Winfield was growing.

But a pretty girl of sixteen cannot always regulate her freaks and fancies, as if she were a staid matron of six-and-forty—and the very next day Miss Daisy allowed herself to be coaxed to a picnic party, where Mr. Revere Sykesleigh was one of the principal actors, and, of course, Mr. Sykesleigh, being to a certain degree responsible for her presence, was obliged, not at all unwillingly, to see her there.

And, as ill luck would have it, she was just driving up to the door, sitting by Mr. Sykesleigh's, when Herbert Winfield entered the gate. He turned instantly away.

"Herbert," she called, leaning over the side of the carriage, "Herbert!"

But he did not hear her or would not heed, and Daisy was too proud to repeat the call.

"Let him go," she thought to herself, with provoked dignity. "He will come back soon enough."

Here, however, was where Miss Daisy miscalculated the relative strength of a man's pride and a man's love! Herbert waited for her to send for him—she waited for him to come, and neither of those events transpired. At the end of a month he wrote her a brief, cold note of farewell; she answered it by inclosing the engagement ring without a word of comment.

"But I won't send the little gold dollar," she thought, with an involuntary pang at her heart. "He will never think of that!"

How many engagements that might have ripened into a long life of mutual happiness are broken just so! Alas! did we know all life's secrets, how soft our hearts would grow toward one another!

Ten years afterward, and Daisy Wallace, far away from her tree-bowered country home, was standing beside a meager fire of carefully-husbanded coals, her hands clasped thoughtfully before her, after the old, girlish fashion she had not yet forgotten.

'I don't like to part with it, mother,' she said, sadly, "it was papa's present, in the old days."

"We can remember papa without any such relics, Daisy," Mrs. Wallace answered, "and we need the money."

Daisy took down the little clock, with its carved garland of ivy leaves, from which the dial peeped, with gilded hands and figures traced in dainty enamels.

"I suppose it must go," she sighed, "but I should like to keep it."

Nevertheless, Daisy put on her shawl and bonnet and wrapped the tiny clock in fragments of brown paper, as if it had been a human creature.

The keeper of the second-hand curiosity shop was not at all anxious to buy the clock. "He had plenty of such trifles on hand already," he said; "they did not sell well, but to oblige the lady he would let her have a dollar on it."

"A dollar!"

"And that's more than it's really worth," the sly Jew answered.

What was Daisy to do? What can a poor, forlorn woman do when all the knaves and cheats in the world conspire against her? Only submit—and so Daisy left the clock and went slowly home with the dirty one-dollar bill in her portemonnaie.

The Jew put the clock in his window, chuckling to himself over his excellent bargain as he did so, and it was not long before a customer arrived. Herbert Winfield wanted just such a picturesque little piece of carving for his library mantel—the very mantel he and Daisy had talked about years ago, and he promptly walked in and asked the price.

"Ten dollars, sir—and cheap at that!"

"Look at the carvings!"

And Herbert paid the ten dollars and took the little clock home.

"It finishes up that side of the room very nicely," Herbert thought. "Stay—I have a mind to try how it would look on the bracket over the table!"

As he lifted it down, something seemed to click far down on the top of the case, below the carved wreath of ivy leaves—something so hidden and obscure that even the shrewd eyes of the Jew dealer had failed to perceive its presence.

Herbert Winfield, his curiosity somewhat piqued, unscrewed the top, and there, on the dusty case, lay a slender blue ribbon, as if it had some time been caught there, with a split gold dollar attached to its azure fillet!

Winfield started and colored, and his heart throbbed! It was as if Daisy's own voice had called to him, out of the depths of the past! He was never one who took heed of signs or omens—but this was a sign he could not disregard!

Straight to the curiosity shop he went.

"Who sold you that clock?" he asked. "The little French clock with the garland of ivy leaves around the top, I mean!"

The Jew turned to his book with a slow deliberation which was indescribably aggravating to Winfield's feverish mood.

"I don't know the name," he answered; "but I know where they live. At No. —, Raymer street—a tall young lady, with brown eyes and very pale cheeks!"

How Herbert's heart throbbed as he ascended the narrow, uncarpeted stairway of the tenement house, its ledges worn into little hollows by the tread of many feet, and knocked at the door which had been pointed out to him as the entrance to Mrs. Wallace's room.

How the old times came back to him as he entered and saw Daisy sitting all alone at the window, sewing wearily away at some coarse work.

She rose up, with a little shriek.

"Herbert!"

"Yes, Daisy, it is I! Are you sorry to see me?"

"Oh, no, no!" she sobbed. "I am so glad. I thought everybody had forgotten me!"

"Did you suppose I could ever forget you, Daisy?"

He listened to the story of reverse and trouble which she had to tell with a tender sympathy which soothed her like the touch of a friendly hand.

"Why did you not send to me, Daisy?" he asked, almost reproachfully.

"I thought you did not care for me any more, Herbert!"

"Look in my eyes Daisy, and tell me what you think now!"

She glanced shyly up—then her look fell!

"What do they tell you, Daisy? Do they speak the secret of my heart, and say that I love you still as dearly as ever? Daisy, you will come back to my heart."

He drew out the gold coin, hanging from its faded ribbon, and extended it smilingly toward her.

"Oh, Herbert! I have missed it and wept over it so often! Where did you find it?"

He told her, adding: "It is a golden link, dearest, to bind our two hearts together, a little guide which has led me back to your side, after all these years of estrangement!"

When Mrs. Wallace returned from her brief absence, she found Daisy once more the betrothed bride of Herbert Winfield. The ten years of trial and poverty were but a dream that had passed away, and been forgotten—and round Daisy's neck hung, as of old, the talisman she had not seen for such a weary while—the tiny gold dollar on its ribbon of blue!

The "course of true love" had not run smoothly, but it was true love, and so it came right at last!

The Corn Doctor.

"That's what I am," said the dark-eyed man, when a reporter opened his door and asked if he was the person named in the sign. "I am a corn doctor," he continued, "and the friend of the human race. I can't do anything for you? Well, I am heartily glad of that. Few people come in here that don't have a sad story to show in their feet."

"It seems a simple thing, mister, to cure a corn. Well, if you'd seen one of the 'old residents' I have tackled you'd think different. A corn may begin on your toe, but often as not it ends on top of your head. That seems a strange thing to say, but it's true. I have had in the past year an average of ten patients a week. Among that 500 people there was fully 50 per cent. of cases of stiff legs, rheumatism, neuralgia, chronic headaches, and now and then a case of pulmonary trouble. Every one of them was caused by corns or bunions, in consequence of poorly cared-for feet. You see, the foot is shut up. It has no air. The pores close. The circulation of the blood is impeded and the tissue is in a generally unhealthy condition, unable to mend bruises as in other parts of the body, where there is no presure or confinement. Suppose you take your hand and fingers and double them up; cramp your fingers and keep them in that shape for a lifetime. Don't you think they would get out of order?"

"Does the trouble come from bad shoes?" asked the caller.

"Just that. Tight shoes, if they fit properly, do not harm. But few shoes do fit, however. The first fact to learn is that you can't reduce nature's measure. There is just so much quantity in every human body, and it will grow to it if nothing prevents.

"Now, the foot is bound to be just so large; you can't check it, and get any comfort out of the operation. Shoes should be just large enough to hold the foot together, keep the big toe straight and aid in walking, to keep the foot from heel to toe moderately straight and stiff. There should be no rubbing. It's that makes corns and bunions. Another thing: we need to wear strong thick soles. All the ladies who come here have trouble with the bottoms of their feet. They are hot, sting, and the feet swell. The trouble comes from thin soles that allow the soft fleshy pad of the foot to be bruised easily. I think big shoes do the most harm. We are really suffering terribly from the wholesale manufacture of shoes by machinery. We need by all means to encourage the shoemaker who sits on his bench and makes you a pair of boots or shoes that will fit the feet. Do I make money by this business? Some; not very much. You would pay 50 cents to get rid of a small corn, would'nt you? A dollar for a big one isn't too much, and I have a few in this box here that you would give $5 right out of your pocket now rather than have them on your feet. If you can endure these specimens just look at them."

The dark-eyed man took a pink box from the table. It was labeled in gilt. The dark-eyed man opened it and disclosed a collection of horny-looking substances that were easily recognizible to one who had journeyed far along the path of life under the malign conditions of American shoemaking. They were corns. One was an inch and a quarter in diameter and a half an inch thick. A prong like the root of a tooth projected from the middle of it. Another had three or four prongs. The whole box-ful excited painful reflections.

"I want to ask you," said the dark-eyed man, finally breaking the deep silence, "how on earth cutting corners does any good. These prongs sink deep into the flesh and keep growing. Sometimes they join the bone. Cutting can't get at them. The only way is to soften the flesh, and slowly, tenderly separate the flesh from the hard, dead and bony growth. Few corn-doctors can remove corns in this shape, and can show such specimens. One or two of these were under the toe-nail. Cutting could not have reached them. Even that little one there is a thing to be proud of. I took it out from under the toe-nail of as pretty a girl as you ever saw. But wasn't she happy when that thing came out! You would laugh to hear what people say when I get their feet in shape. They are happy, if people are. Its a wonderful business, and a fellow feels that he is doing a grand religious duty when he's at work in it."

The Value of Cashiers.

An Ohio merchant who kept three clerks, each one of whom made his own change and had free access to the money-drawers, was the other day asked by a commercial traveler why he did not keep a cashier to receive all moneys.

"Cost too much," was the reply.

"But are your clerks honest?"

"Perfectly honest."

"Have you any objection to my trying them?"

"Certainly not; go ahead in any way you wish."

The traveler went away, but in about three hours he returned and said in a loud voice so that all might hear:

"When I was here this forenoon I paid you a bogus quarter by mistake. In case you find it in counting up to-night, lay it aside and I'll redeem it."

Then the traveler, accompanied by the merchant, took a position where the back door and the alley could be kept in view, and in less than ten minutes out came the head clerk and emptied a handful of silver on the head of a barrel and pawed it over. The bogus quarter was not there. He returned to the store and out came the second clerk and went through the same programme. He was followed by the third, and after he disappeared the merchant calmly observed:

"I've been waiting 13 years for trade to pick up, and I rather think I'll try the cashier system.

—Near Medora, Dak., the coal fields are on fire.

The Last of his Line.

Wilhelm I Duke of Brunswick, died at Berlin Oct. 18, 1884. Augustus Louis William Maximilian Frederick, commonly known as William I, Duke of Brunswick, was born on April 25, 1806, and had therefore reached the mature age of seventy-eight. He was the second son of the Duke Frederick William and of the Princess Marie of Baden. He undertook the Provisional Government of Brunswick on October 12, 1830, in consequence of the insurrection of September 7 and subsequent flight of his brother, the late Duke Charles, but did not formally ascend the throne until April 25, 1831, when he had been requested to do so. Duke Charles, who had reigned over the principality from 1823, forfeited his throne by his own folly, but survived until August, 1873 when he died at Geneva, leaving an immense fortune, a large part of which was devoted by his will to the erection of the monument which is now one of the sights of the Swiss city. Duke Charles was eccentric to the verge of grotesqueness, and was about as bad a ruler as a country, large or small, could well have. Duke William was a decided improvement upon him. He prevented a revolution in his dominion in the year 1848 by timely concessions to the popular call for reform, and by rare discretion averted the absorption of his dominions by Prussia in the fatal year 1866.

Duke William, like his elder brother, never married, and now that he is dead his duchy is without a ruler. The Ducal house of Brunswick was long one of the most ancient and illustrious of the Germanic Confederation. Its ancestor, Henry the Lion, possessed, in the twelfth century, the united duchies of Bavaria and Saxony, with other territories in the north of Germany, but having refused to aid the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa in his wars with the Pope, he was, by a decree of the Diet, deprived of the whole of his territories with the sole exception of his allodial domains, the principalities of Brunswick and Luneburg. Their possession were, on the death of Ernest the Confessor, divided between the two sons of the latter, who became the founders of the lines of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel and Brunswick-Luneburg, the founder of which was represented in the Ducal house of Brunswick, while the latter is merged in the royal family of Great Britain. The fortunes of the house, which had culminated at the beginning of the thirteenth century in the person of Henry the Lion, revived, after a long period of obscurity, when the head of the younger branch of the family of Brunswick married the daughter of the English Princess Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, and obtained the erection of his Duchy into a ninth Electorate. Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, younger brother of the reigning Duke of the elder branch, one of the ablest among the lieutenants of Frederick the Great, commanded the English contingent at the battle of Minden. His nephew commanded the Prussian army which invaded France in 1792; and he might probably have occupied Paris if he had not been deluded into calculated inaction by Danton and Dumouriez, who flattered him with the empty hope of ascending the throne of France. His considerable military reputation was compromised when he fell at the battle of Auerstadt; and his son, the father of the deceased Duke, could only sustain the charater of his house by his gallant death on the field of battle. This was the famous Duke Frederick William, who was greatly distinguished as a General in the English service in the wars against Napoleon the First. He commanded 7,000 German troops raised in his dominion, leading his celebrated regiment of hussars called the Black Brunswickers, in person. Upon the return of Napoleon from Elba he again took the field, and was killed in the battle of Quatre Bras, on the 16th of June, in the year 1815, leaving his two sons to the guardianship of their uncle, George the IV, King of England. Lord Byron has immortalized the name and fame of the soldier, in his description of the French alarm which broke up the ball festivities at Brussels and hurried the allied troops to Waterloo. Of the Duke he said:—"He rushed into the field, and foremost fighting, fell. The eldest son of this heroic personage, as already intimated, grew up an imbecile tyrant; and the German Diet confirmed the sentence of deposition which had already been anticipated by a popular revolution in 1830.

The legitimate heir to the Duchy is the present Duke of Cumberland, the son of the late ex-King George V. of Hanover, second cousin of Queen Victoria and husband of the Princess Thyra, of Denmark. But he will not be permitted to succeed to the title, powers, and estates because he has so far persistently refused to recognize the act of Prussia in deposing his father and annexing Hanover in 1866. Failing the succession of the Duke of Cumberland, there has long been a party which has advocated the annexation of Brunswick to Prussia immediately on the death of Duke William, while still another faction is not averse to its incorporation with the dominion of the Hohenzollerns, but would prefer this result being attained by a transition process, Brunswick first becoming a kind of autonomous Reichsland, like Alsace Lorraine as at present constituted. This last party is, of course, favorable to Prussia, and is believed to base its policy on a desire to shield that Power from a charge of indecorous haste in appropriating fresh territory.

Meanwhile the little principality—which embraces an area of 1,526 square miles and a population of 349,367 inhabitants—will not drift into anarchy. A law of succession to the throne of Brunswick, sanctioned by the Diet, was promulgated in March, 1873. It provides, under guarantee of the German Emperor, that at the demise of the reigning Duke, the Grand Duke of Oldenburg shall assume the regency. If, previous to the throne becoming vacant, the regent refused the regency, or if the regency became inoperative from other causes, the Duke was required, jointly with the Diet of Brunswick, to nominate another regent from among the number of reigning German Sovereigns. A new regent will be proposed to the Diet by the Cabinet in the place of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg in case the regency appointed after the vacation of the throne should from any cause whatever become inoperative.

The dead Duke was one of the wealthiest of German sovereigns, being in possession of vast private estates, including the principality of Oels, in Silesia, and large domains in the district of Glatz, in Prussia. The principality of Oels embraces an area of about thirty-two square miles and maintaining about 130,000 inhabitants. This estate, it was reported a few years ago, had been awarded by the Prussian Government, after the Duke's death, to the Crown Prince of Germany and Prussia for the time being. It has also been reported that the late Duke has made a will in which he bequeathed the whole of his private estates to the Emperor of Austria. There is likely, therefore, to be a struggle over the private fortune, as well as the public prerogatives, of the last member of the illustrious house of Brunswick.

An Armless Painter.

While on the subject of pictures, there are, of course, dozens of copyists in all the museums and large galleries, most of whom earn a very meagre living by disposing of their good, bad, or indifferent copies as the case may be. In Antwerp the only one of these mechanical artists who has gained more than a bare subsistence is "Felix," a man born without hands or arms, but who uses his feet instead, and with such dexterity that he paints three pictures while the every-day young man whom nature has in no way distinguished, gets through two of the same size. Needless to say, Felix finds customers while better pictures than his remain unsold at lower prices.

There are too many especially of the tourist order, who infinitely prefer a poor copy of the "Descent of the Cross," regarding which they can say: "You see that picture? Painted by who do you call 'em—I forgot the name—some great gun of a painter; well, sir, this copy was painted by a man named Felix—a fellow without any arms—he done it, every inch of it, sir, with his feet. I seen him to work on it myself in one of them everlasting galleries. I don't remember which one, they're all alike to me. I don't take much stock in paintings, you know, but by George! that fellow can do as good a picture with his feet as those big painters that people make such a fuss could do with their hands, and, as far as I can see, one's just as good as another. My daughter don't think so, but you know she's been to one of these here schools in New York. She don't take no stock in anything less it's 600 or 700 years old in the way of a picture. It suits me, though. Yes, sir, painted it with his feet. I seen him do it." And so Felix, the armless artist of Antwerp, has through his affliction made enough money to purchase the house he lives in, and could if report be true, retire from his labors and live upon his income, while the better artist his neighbor, in no way differing from the average brother in respect to legs and arms, starves under the shadows of the Sacred Tragedy!

Order of the Garter.

The institution of this order is referred to the reign of Edward III and the year 1349, and the order itself is considered the highest in the world. The sovereign is its head, and its numbers are limited, but always include several foreign potentates and princes. The habits and ensigns of the order consist of garter, mantle, surcoat, hood, collar and George. The garter is worn below the left knee, and is of dark blue velvet edged with gold. It bears a motto in gold letters: "Hom soit gui mal y pense," and has a gold buckle and pendant. The mantle is of garter-blue velvet, lined with taffeta; the surcoat is of crimson velvet, lined with white taffeta, and, like the mantle, bears on the left side an eight-pointed star embroidered in silver. In the centre of the star is the red cross of St. George, the patron of the order, the whole being surrounded with a small garter in blue velvet, and bearing the motto of the order embroidered in gold.

The hood is of crimson velvet, lined with taffeta. The hat is of black velvet, with a plume of white ostrich feathers and a tuft of black heron feathers, fastened to the hat by a band of diamonds. The collar is of gold, and weighs 32 ounces. It is formed of 26 garters, with roses in each, alternately white and red. The George is a figure of St. George on horseback, and is attached to the collar; the lesser George is hung to a broad blue ribbon worn over the left shoulder. The officers of the order are: 1, the Prelate, who is the Bishop of Winchester; 2, Chancellor, the Bishop of Oxford; 3, Registrar, the Dean of Windsor; 4, Garter Principal King of Arms; 5, Usher of the Black Rod. A Knight of the Garter takes the initials K. G. after his name or title.

Anecdotes of Brignoli.

"Brignoli was the vainest man I ever knew," said a veteran stage manager, who has known all the brightest stars of the operatic firmament for a quarter of a century. "His last appearance in this city occurred, I believe, in 1880, at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, and he then sang only once—Edgardo to the Lucia of Mlle. Valleria. He was at the height of his glory when the Academy opened, in 1856, and he received not less than $1,000 a month for his services, which were highly prized by the managers, because Brignoli was the idol of fashionable society. Young girls adored him, and even matrons looked upon him with soft eyed wonder, and thought it no weakness to send flowers to his rooms. He was, however, the most selfish of men, and never committed any excesses. He permitted ladies to admire him, but his devotion to the proudest and most beautiful of them never took him out of doors on a wet night to the peril of his voice. His own person was more in his thoughts than the caresses of women. His inordinate vanity taught him to treat the whole sex as his natural subjects and not to make particular victims of any of its members."

Big Hotels Afloat.

"The cost of a voyage differs according to the speed of the vessel," said a representative of one of the transatlantic lines, "the faster vessels being more expensive than the slower ones."

"That seems rather illogical," replied the reporter. "One would naturally imagine that the shorter voyage would cost the less money."

"The explanation is in the consumption of coal. The faster steamers use from 125 to 130 tons of coal per day, while the slower steamers use only about 60 or 70 tons per day. The distance to Southampton is about 3,100 miles, and our faster steamers make the trip across in from seven to eight days, and the slower steamers make it in the neighborhood of ten days."

"How many in a crew do your largest vessels carry?"

"About 160 men, including officers. The salaries of captains are never less than $1,800 a year, and sometimes reach $4,000, according to their percentage on gross earnings. The wages of the seamen and petty officers average $1 per day each, and the daily cost of feeding is 50 cents per capita."

"How much does each person on a voyage eat in the day?"

"Oh, I could hardly tell that, but we catculate on allowing a pound and a half of meat for each person."

"Can you give fresh meats and vegetables on every day of the voyage?" was asked the chief steward of a large boat.

"O, yes," was the reply. "On our big trips we ship about fourteen thousand pounds of fresh meat, and we serve it daily, not only to the first and second cabin passengers, but to the steerage and the crew. Should we meet with any accident causing delay we could give the first and second-cabin passengers fresh meats and all the luxuries of the season for several weeks by putting the crew and steerage passengers on regular sea fare of salt meats. We have three ice-cellars—one for fresh fish, one for poultry, and one for meats—and in these everything is preserved."

"How much ice is required for a voyage?"

"The amount varies, according to the season, from ten to twenty tons."

"How about fresh eggs; do you have hens on board?"

"Ha, ha, ha—Oh, no, not exactly. We get fresh eggs at the beginning of each trip, and they are kept fresh by a patent preparation of lime and some other preserving matter."

"Butter—how much butter is consumed on a voyage?"

"Between twelve hundred and fourteen hundred pounds. We use from two to three thousand cigars. Wines and beers are not so largely consumed, because we keep the price high in order to keep down intoxication."

On a well-regulated steamer, it was learned, the bedclothes, towels, table linens, and coverings for all the furniture are changed every day. On a vessel of five thousand tons two thousand napkins are used on every trip in the first cabin and about one thousand napkins are used in the second cabin, while the sheets number about two thousand and the towels three thousand. Different colors are used on the upholstery and furniture every day, because of the relief a change of scene affords to persons who become seasick, and also owing to the additional freshness of the atmosphere of the cabins thus obtained. The steamer is newly painted on the outside from stem to stern every voyage, and to do this work, together with the repairing and cleaning of upholstery, from two hundred to four hundred men are employed. The washing is all done at the end of each voyage.

"How much crockery do you use in a day?" was asked of the steward.

"Somewhere in the neighborhood of four thousand pieces in the first and second cabins, separately, and about two thousand pieces of glassware. The silver of the first cabin—about one thousand pieces is valued at $40,000, and the same quantity in the second cabin is worth just half that sum. Of course, you know, although everything is just as serviceable, and clean in the second cabin, nothing is as elegant."

Although the principal revenue on the big steamers is from passengers, they all carry tons and tons of merchandise, which is generally of a raw nature. Nearly every transatlantic steamer obtains its wines, canned goods and delicacies abroad, but of the breadstuffs and much of the smoked meats that they obtain on the other side it frequently occurs that the steamer has carried it from New York as merchandise freight. The captains say they can carry such articles to the markets abroad and buy them there as cheaply as at the home market.

To load a vessel requires the greatest skill, too; and this is another of the big expenses, that are included in the enormous cost of an ocean voyage. And sometimes, on a rush, a cargo of two thousand tons of merchandise has been loaded on board a steamer within 24 hours. A feature of the transatlantic freight trade is that the cargoes exported largely exceed those imported in bulk, and that the cargoes imported are of much more value than those exported. Everything is run on military, or rather naval, discipline, and not a profane word is ever permitted either from officer or sailor.

MADAME B. (to her servant)—"Joseph, there is dust in that corner."

Joseph (raising his hands in despair)—"Oh, these mistresses! They must look everywhere. If we did the same, there would be no end to our work!"

A curious and instructive experiment has just been made by M. Dater, who took a number of very thin plates or disks of tempered steel, about a millimeter thick and from five millimeters to forty centimeters wide, and built them into piles, the adjacent plates being sometimes in contact, and sometimes separated by a sheet of paper or cardboard. These piles were then inserted in a very powerful magnetic field and withdrawn. It was then found that they had become powerful permanent magnets; but when separated they seemed to have lost their magnetism. On building up the pile again the original magnetism was restored to it. It appears then that the thin plates have not really lost their polarity on being withdrawn from from the exciting field.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., JAN. 7, 1885.

TWENTY-ONE LITTLE BODIES PLACED IN ONE GRAVE.

New York, Dec. 27.—All that remained of the twenty-one little victims of the fire of the St. John's Male Orphan Home in Brooklyn was laid in its last resting place yesterday morning. Nine o'clock was the hour set for the funeral services at the Church of Our Lady of Victory (Father Creighton's,) but notwithstanding the early hour and the inaccessible locality of the church, every seat in the stone edifice was occupied and all the standing room was utilized. The charred remains of the victims had been placed in three full-sized coffins for adults. Frank Harper, the undertaker, who has for a long time burried the orphans of the institution free of charge, also had charge of the interment yesterday. The coffins were of rose-wood, with heavy silver trimmings and handles, and each bore a silver plate on its lid, the inscription on which was as follows:

Remains Found in the Ruins of
St. John's Home,
Destroyed by Fire
Dec. 18, 1884.

Each coffin contained as near as could be distinguished, the remnants of seven of the victims. A large crowd of men, women and children had gathered about the burned home in anticipation of obtaining a glimpse of the bodies as they were transferred to the three heareses, and when they saw their disappointment, slowly left the scene, some of them going direct to the church.

The body of the church was already well filled when the coffins were carried in and deposited on three black-covered catafalques in front of the altar. One was placed in a straight line with the centre aisle, with the feet towards the door, while the others were placed at the head of either side aisle, the feet converging at an angle towards the middle aisle. Half a dozen candles burned at the head of each coffin, and candelabra at the feet. The altar was draped in mourning, and on the back wall of the church black and white folds were in keeping with the sorrow of those who sat or knelt in the front pews. Other than this there was no indication of the deep solemnity of the occasion. There were no followers of twigs of green, and the ceremonies were without ostentation or show.

GET RID OF MISERY.

What is the use of suffering from dyspepsia, nervous prostration or debility, when Brown's Iron Bitters will tone you up and cast these horrors out? There is joy in every bottle of this valuable tonic. It makes bad blood good, and bids dismal people be cheerful. It brings good cheer, to the dinner table, and makes the family happy. It drives away the blues, and helps you enjoy a hearty laugh. And all the respectable druggists keep it.

MONEY TO BE MADE.

It is said that dull times are not known by the agents for the great publishing house of George Stinson & Co., of Portland, Maine. The reason of this exceptional success is found in the fact that they always give the public that which is keenly appreciated and at prices that all can afford. At present we understand their agents are doing wonderfully well on several new lines. They need many more agents in all parts of the country. Those who need profitable work should apply at once. Women do as well as men. Experience is not necessary, for Messrs. Stinson & Co. undertake to show all who are willing to work, not hard but earnestly, the path to large success. It should be remembered that an agent can do a handsome business without being away from home over night. Another advantage—it costs nothing to give the business a trial, and an agent can devote all his time, or only his spare time to it. Stinson & Co. guarantee grand success to all who engage and follow simple and plain directions that they give. We have not space to explain all here, but full particulars will be sent free to those who address the firm; their full address is given above.

EARTHQUAKE IN SPAIN.

Madrid, Dec. 28.—Official reports show that 266 persons were killed in the provinces of Malaga and Granada by the recent earthquake. The population of Granada are still encamped in the squares and the richer classes are lodging in carriages along the promenade. The facade of the cathedral was seriously damaged by the shock. Many houses were destroyed in Jimena and a whole family was killed in the village of Cijar by the falling of a chimney.

Over half of the inhabitants of Abunueciai were killed. Athama is mostly in ruins. The province of Malaga suffered equally as much damage as did Granada. Commerce is paralized. Two hundred houses at Alfarnetejo were damaged. The panic is subsiding. The shock was not felt in the northern and northwestern provinces. The government has granted $1,000 from the national calamity fund for the relief of sufferers in the province of Canada.

How often we hear middle-aged people say regarding that reliable old cough remedy, N. H. Downs' Elixir: "Why, my mother gave it to me when I was a child, and I used it in my family; it always cures." Who can name another medicine with such a good record as this. Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters are another good medicine; and Arnica and Oil Liniment is just what it is recommended to be. Sold by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall. jan

MANY PERSONS KILLED BY AN EARTHQUAKE.

Madrid, Dec. 27.—The later details received concerning the earthquake show that the damage to property and loss of life were both much greater than at first believed. The provinces of Malaga and Granada were the scene of the greatest disturbance. Several places were partially destroyed. The Mayor reports that many parts of Albuqueras are in ruins and that as many as 150 persons are believed to have perished. At Arenas del Ray forty persons were killed. Disasters are likewise reported from other towns. Slight earthquakes have been felt in many places in Spain since Thursday.

Get us one new subscriber and $2.25 and pay us $2.25 in advance for yourself, and both will get the "N. Y. Weekly

GOLD AND OTHER ORES IN ALASKA.

Recent explorations in Northern and Central Alaska have revealed bodies of ore, but in such remote regions as to be unavailable. The few claims near Sitka have proved of but little value. None of the ore exists in large pockets. It is scattered and rather of low grade. It may be said that no properties will pay being worked when there is not at best a great abundance of ore. The Treadwell mine is valuable only because there is so much quartz. A ton of it will not yield any considerable amount of gold, but there are millions of tons. Mines must also be near the coast to pay, unless they are unusually rich. Alaska is not an easy country to travel over and the cost of transportation is an important item to be considered. Every section of the country has its upholders, but sifting facts from theories, the truth seems to be that the paying mineral must be on or near Douglas Island. Owing to the abundance of moss and forests, Alaska is an extremely difficult country to prospect. There are no surface indications and leads can only be discovered by first finding float ore and then laboriously tracing up the streams to find the main body. Every mine so far discovered has been found in this manner. It is absolutely useless trying to find out-croppings by pursuing the methods adopted in Colorado and other barren countries.

Alaska's other natural riches are copper, marble, coal and silver. Coal has been found in many places, but usually too far inland to pay for shipment. Marble quarries are more or less abundant, but do not seem to contain large blocks. Copper is found principally in the region that is penetrated by the Chilcat River. Many of the native household implements and pipes contain copper rims and ends, and the Indians claim that they know of large copper mines. So far, however, no valuable properties have been found, though there is undoubtedly a large quantity of the metal in the country. Silver has been found in the far north, but no mines have been discovered that are valuable enough to pay for working.

A just conclusion then seems to be that our Northwestern Territory has yet no claim for prominence as a mineral country. That it contains many indications of having large bodies of ore must be admitted, and we will acknowledge that development has been retarded by the presence of forests and the absence of proper laws by which titles could be had to lands. But still the only tangible evidence is in the Juneau properties, and they are too untried to warrant conclusions being drawn. Judging from the past, it will be years before Alaska can hope for fame created by its mines. What the future will prove remains to be seen.

GOOSE COURTSHIP IN CANADA.

It is extremely amusing to witness the courtship of the Canada goose in all its stages, and let me assure you, reader, that although a gander does not strut before his beloved with the pomposity of a turkey or the grace of a dove his ways are quite as agreeable to the female of his choice. I can imagine before me one who has just accomplished the defeat of another male after a struggle of half an hour or more. He advances gallantly toward the object of his attention, his head scarcely raised an inch from the ground, his bill open to its full stretch, his fleshy tongue elevated, his eyes darting fiery glances, and as he moves he hisses loudly, while the emotion which he experiences causes his quills to shake, and his feathers to rustle. Now he is close to her who, in his eyes, is all loveliness, his neck bending gracefully in all directions, passes all around her and occasionally touches her body; and as she congratulates him on his victory, and acknowledges his affection, they move their necks in a hundred curious ways. At this moment fierce jealousy urges the defeated gander to renew his efforts to obtain his love; he advances apace, his eye glowing with the fire of rage; he shakes his broad wings, ruffles up his whole plumage, and as he rushes on the foe hisses with the intensity of anger. The whole flock seems to stand amazed, and opening up a space the birds gather round to view the combat. The bold bird who has been caressing his mate scarcely deigns to take notice of his foe, but seems to send a scornful glance towards him. He of the mortified feelings, however, raises his body, half opens his sinewy wings and with a powerful blow sends forth his defiance. The affront cannot be borne in the presence of so large a company, nor indeed is there much disposition to bear it in any circumstances; the blow is returned with vigor, the aggressor reels for a moment, but he soon recovers, and now the combat rages. Were the weapons more deadly, feats of chivalry would now be performed; as it is, thrust and blow succeed each other like the strokes of hammers driven by sturdy forgers. But now, the mated gander has caught hold of his antagonist's head with his bill, no bulldog could cling faster to his victim; he squeezes with all the energy of rage, lashes him with his powerful wings and at length drives him away, spreads out his pinions, runs with joy to his mate and fills the [illegible] cries of exultation.

rasene, chenille [illegible]

1885.

The Philadelphia TIMES

Aims to cover the whole field of progressive journalism. No subject is too great for it to discuss intelligently and without bias, and none so insignificant as to escape its notice. It lays the world tributary to its wants, and everywhere its agents may be found, alert to gather the particulars of all passing events and send them by telegraph up to the last moment of going to press. It is a brief and abstract chronicle of the time and contains all that is worth knowing in the history of the world for the past twenty-four hours.

$1.00.

The Weekly Times

$1.00 A Year.

THE LARGEST, THE BRIGHTEST AND THE BEST. A NEWSPAPER FOR EVERY HOUSEHOLD.

THE WEEKLY TIMES is foremost among the largest and best of the Family and General weekly newspapers published in the country, and is now offered to single subscribers at One Dollar a year and an extra copy given with every club of 20. It is the most progressive journal of its class. Its aim is to be the newspaper of the people of the whole country; to meet every intelligent want in journalism, and make it so cheap that all can afford to enjoy its weekly visits.

"THE ANNALS OF THE WAR" have been one of the distinguished features of THE WEEKLY TIMES, and is now imitated in that feature by many of the leading journals and periodicals of the country. The best writers from the active participants of the great struggle on both sides will continue their contributions to the unwritten history of the war in every number, and make the paper specially entertaining and instructive to the veterans of both the Blue and Gray.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIBERS:

"THE WEEKLY TIMES" is mailed, postpaid, for One Dollar a year. Every club of 20 will be entitled an extra copy.

ADDRESS, THE TIMES,
TIMES BUILDING, PHILAD.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

A Strictly Cash Store where goods are bought and sold for Cash.

We do not think it necessary to recall to the minds of the people the instances under our own observation in which business men have been ruined by the credit system, but ask you frankly whether it is not the cause of embarrassing so many business men of to-day. Believing you admit it we desire to impress you with the fact that on and after

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26,

we will inaugurate an entire new system known as the

STRICTLY CASH OR MONEY DOWN.

By this we do not mean to say "terms cash" and sell on credit but mean what we say, and the editor of the "Reporter" cannot buy 50 cents worth unless he planks down the cash, and so the rule will apply to all alike. We next wish to show that this new system will be even more advantgeous to the public than to ourselves, as follows:

1st—Merchandise bought on credit must eventually be paid for and as there are always more or less dead accounts the merchant is compelled to add at least 5 per cent. to the price of his stock to account for his loss.

2d—On account of not getting money down he must add another 5 per cent. to pay the interest on his borrowed money.

3d—It requires one-third more work to make a blotter charge than to simply take the money and this necessarily adds another 5 per cent. to the price.

4th—Not being able to pay for goods as soon as they reach the store, (by having money in his books,) the credit merchant pays 5 per cent. more than the cash merchant.

You can add numerous reasons of your own and conclude by saying, "it is a golden idea for all," and in addition to the saving of 15, 20 or 25 per cent. on our goods we will be able to close the year free of debt.

Under the new system we offer Granulated sugar at 7c, Arbuckles' coffee at 16c, best home-made flour $1.10 per sack, Lewisburg roller flour $1.40, A syrup 38c per gallon, Appleton A muslin 7c per yard, dress goods 5c, best prints 6c, cheap prints 3, &c., &c.

Produce taken in exchange or cash paid when desired.

Dinges, Trumpfheller & Co.,
dec24 COBURN, PENN'A.

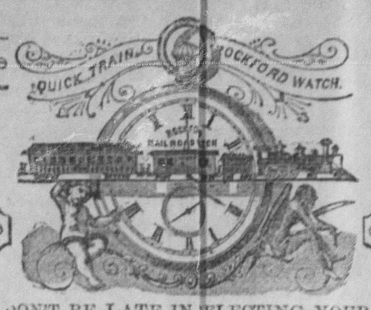
D. Z. EVANS, JR.

EVANS BROTHERS,
PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
56 N. Water Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Consignments of all kinds of Country Produce solicited. Quick Sales, Good Prices and Prompt Returns is our motto. We have excellent facilities for obtaining good prices for Butter, Eggs, Poultry, (live or dressed,) Lard, Tallow, Cheese, Potatoes, Fruit, (dried or fresh,) Corn, Oats, Hay, Live Stock; in fact, everything the farmer produces, either in car loads or small lots. Tags, stencils and price lists furnished free.

☞We refer to the editor of this paper. 6ow

ALWAYS ON TIME



NEVER GET LEFT

DON'T BE LATE IN SELECTING YOUR

Holiday Presents!

E. A. GLENN & CO.
—HAVE EVERYTHING IN THEIR LINE.—

For Gold and Silver Watches

THEY LEAD THE COUNTRY.

Stock of Gold Pens and Pencils can't be beat.

THEY HAVE GOLD, SILVER AND STEEL SPECTACLES TO FIT EVERYBODY.
ALSO THE LATEST DESIGNS AND NEWEST NOVELTIES IN RINGS, CHARMS, PINS, &c., &c.
WITH A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF,

FINE SILVERWARE

All goods bought of them before Jan. 1, '84, will be Engraved FREE of charge.
☞Last but not least—their prices are the Lowest and their Goods Guaranteed.
dec31f

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat-market having refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.
14may tf HENRY BOOZER.

HARDWARE.
HARDWARE.
HARDWARE
—for—
JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO.
JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO.
—ARE SELLING—
REAPER SECTIONS AND
REAPER SECTIONS AND
REAPERS,
REAPERS,
And all kinds of Farming Tools,
RAKES, FORKS,
SCYTHES,
ROPE & BLOCKS
SPROUTS HAY FORKS, &c.
—AS WELL AS ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE, TO MEET THE DEMANDS IN THIS LINE.
JAS. HARRIS & CO.

New Arrival of Goods
AT NEW STORE!
NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS
LOW PRICES!

HARPER & KREAMER,
Centre Hall,

Have just opened in one of Largest and Best Rooms in the Valley,
—A COMPLETE STOCK OF—
DRY GOODS,
DRESS GOODS
NOTIONS,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HARDWARE,
OILS AND PAINTS,
GLASSWARE, QUENNSWARE,
GROCERIES.
COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, FISH
SALT, TOBACCO, SEGARS,
EVERYTHING
KEPT IN A WELL REGULATED STORE.
ALL NEW GOODS,
We offer bargains unsurpassed in this COUNTY.
COME AND SEE US.
All kinds of Produce taken, and Highest Market Prices Paid.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE NEW BOOK.
Deeds Of Daring
By BLUE & GRAY.
The great collection of the most thrilling personal adventures on both sides during the Great Civil War. Intensely interesting accounts of exploits of scouts and spies, forlorn hopes, heroic bravery, imprisonments and hair-breadth escapes, romantic incidents, hand-to-hand struggles, humorous and tragic events, perilous journeys, bold dashes, brilliant successes and magnanimous actions on each side the line. 70 chapters, PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED to the life. No other book at all like it. Outsells everything. Address, STANDARD PUB. HOUSE,
12nov6m 610 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR THE SPLENDID NEW BOOK.
AGENTS Wanted | The World's Wonders
AS SEEN BY THE GREAT
Tropical and Polar Explorers,
Including the Official History of the Late Greely Expedition in Search for the North Pole.
All the achievements, discoveries, travels, and adventures of the great explorers, with descriptions of wonderful countries, customs and fables of strange and curious people, animals, birds and reptiles; the wonders and great Natural Curiosities of the Tropical and Polar Worlds; a record of marvelous things on the earth, a full history of the World's greatest wonders and famous explorations, in one splendid, low priced, profusely illustrated volume. Embracing in the Tropics all the travels and discoveries of Speke and Grant, Sir Samuel Baker and Wife, Livingstone, Stanley, Du Chaillu, Wallace, Long, Squier, and numerous others; in the Arctic regions, Franklin, Kane, Hayes, Hall, Schwatka, De Long, Greely and many others; forming a complete encyclopedia of exploration, Discovery and Adventure in all parts of the World, with a history of savage races, strange beasts, birds and reptiles, and great Natural Wonders. A book of inestimable value and rapid selling qualities. Nearly 500 quarto pages, over 200 splendid illustrations, low price, outsells all other books. Agents wanted, on Salary or Good Shilling. Write for Illustrated circular and extra terms. Address,
HISTORICAL PUBLISHING CO.,
7jan4t 139 N. 7th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offers at private sale a valuable FARM OF 40 ACRES for sale. Thereon a good house and bank barn and all necessary outbuildings, an orchard of choice fruit, and good never-failing water at house and barn. Also 14 Acres of timber land about 1½ miles from above. His property lies about one mile south of Tusseyville, and is a very desirable home.
J. W. MERSINGER,
27aug6m Tusseyville, Pa.

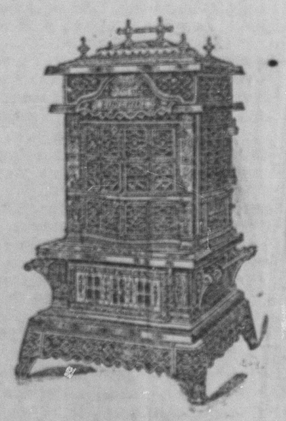
Prize. Send six cents for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once, address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

THE OLD STAND!

AT CENTRE HALL,
To the Front with Seasonable Goods. Our SPRING Supplies are NOW IN and we would be pleased to have you Call and Examine.
OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT
Cannot be beat in Quality and Prices, especially in Domestics.
We know we can do you good in SHIRTINGS, MUSLINS, TICKS, GINGHAMS, &c., &c.
A HOST OF BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS, FLANELS, &c., PRINTS, &c.
A SPLENDID LINE OF
Clothe and Cashimeres.
Our SUMMER Supply of MEN'S AND BOYS' BOOTS & SHOES, CHILDREN'S SHOES, with a full and complete line of LADIES WEAR now in and ready for examination. Cheap! Cheap! GROCERIES, FRESH AND PURE, ALWAYS on hand, at prices which will compete with any other house for the same quality and style of goods.
CALL EARLY TO SEE OUR GOODS.
WM. WOLF & SON.

SECOND-HAND
ENGINES FOR SALE!
ONE 40 HORSE POWER.
TWO 25 " "
ONE 15 " "
THOROUGHLY OVERHAULED AND IN GOOD RUNNING ORDER.
Will be sold Cheap at the
BELLEFONTE FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOPS
23ap tf WM. P. DUNCAN & CO.

Centre Hall
STOVE EMPORIUM



J. A. REESMAN
HAS JUST RECEIVED THE FINEST LOT OF STOVES IN THE COUNTY.
Nickel Plated and Plain,
Ranges, Coal Stoves, Heaters,
AND EVERY STYLE OF STOVE, LARGE AND SMALL, PLAIN AND FANCY,
AT ALL PRICES, AND IN TRUTH
The Cheapest Stoves
IN THE COUNTY. HIS PRICES ARE DOWN TO ROCK BOTTOM, SO THAT IT WILL PAY NO ONE TO PURCHASE STOVES ELSEWHERE.
☞CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELF ocnif

HELP for the working people. Send 10 cts. postage and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful. 50 cts. easily earned every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Great outfit and absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address, STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

Cards—Attorneys

J. H. ORVIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office opposite the Court House, on 2d floor of Furst's building. nov28

D. F. FORTNEY,
Attorney-at-Law,
Office in old Conard building, Bellefonte.

J. L. SPANGLER. C. P. HEWES
SPANGLER & HEWES,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
BELLEFONTE, CENTRE CO., PENN'A.
Special attention to collections; practice in all the courts; Consultation in German and English

C. T. Alexander. C. M. Bower
ALEXANDER & BOWER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office in Garman's new building.

JOHN KLINE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA
Office on second floor of Furst's new building north of Court House. Can be consulted in English or German. 7m'y84

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law
Collections promtly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgages bonds &c. Bellefonte, Pa.

Dentists.

DR. G. W. HOSTERMAN,
Dentist, Centre Hall.
Office at residence on Church street, opposite Lutheran Church. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession. Ether administered. 14nov

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS.—
Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. my 2 78

Hotels.

BUSH HOUSE.
W. R. Teller, proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to country trade. june16y

CUMMINGS HOUSE,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
EMANUEL BROWN, Proprietor.
The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate. Give it a trial
2june tf

NEW BROCKERHOFF HOUSE.
BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,
ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA
G. G. McMILLEN, Prop'r.
Good Sample Rooms on First Floor.
☞Free Buss to and from all trains.☜
Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 2jun

CENTRE HALL HOTEL.
D. J. MEYER, Prop'r.
FOR SUMMER BOARDERS AND TRANSIENT CUSTOM.
Good Table, healthy locality, pure mountain water, surrounded by finest natural scenery in the state. Schools and churches convenient. Terms very reasonable. 16aug tf

IRVIN HOUSE,
LOCK HAVEN, PA.
S. WOODS CALDWELL, Proprietor.
Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor.

SPRING MILLS HOUSE,
On L. & T. R. R,
FINE SUMMER RESORT.
Fine Fishing and Hunting—Romantic Mountain and Valley Scenery. Healthy Locality.
TERMS REASONABLE,
J. H. BIBBY,.....Proprietor
SPRING MILLS, CENTRE COUNTY, PA
may1

J. C. BOAL,
Justice of the Peace and Conveyancer,
Centre Hall, Pa. Office in Penns Valley Bank building. may7 y

J. D. MURRAY,
Centre Hall, Pa.,
Dealer in DRUGS, popular Patent Medicines Whiskey, Brandy, Wine, and Holland Gin kept and sold for medicinal purposes only. Store open every day in the week. may7 tf

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO.,
BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.
Receive Deposits and allow Interest;
Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons.
JAS. A. BEAVER, President. J. D. SHUGERT, Cashier

PENN'S VALLEY BANKING CO.,
CENTRE HALL, PA.
Receive Deposits and allow Interest;
Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons.
WM. WOLF, President. W. B. MINGLE, Cashier.

J. ZELLER & SON,
DRUGGISTS, Bellefonte, Pa.
Dealer In
DRUGS, DRUGS
CHEMICALS!
PERFUMERY,
FANCY GOODS, &c
Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept

COLEMAN
Business
COLLEGE, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.
Occupies three Buildings. Largest and Best. More positions for graduates than all other school's combined. Life Scholarship, including use of type for elementary instruction, $40. Send for circulars. COL. GEO. A. COLEMAN, Pres.

Wanted
WE WANT 1000 more BOOK AGENTS
for the grandest and fastest selling book ever published.
OUR FAMOUS WOMEN
This is an entirely new and original work just published, and is the joint production of 20 of our greatest living authors, including Frances Anne Kemble, Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Marion Harland, Lucy Larcom, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Louise Chandler Moulton, Mary Clemmer, Lucy Lawcom, and 11 other well known authors. These twenty famous writers have given for the first time, the complete history of the Lives and Deeds of 20 famous American women, most of whom are now living, whose lives have never before been written, and they tell how they have won their way from obscurity to fame and glory. The Thrilling Interest, Romantic Story, Spicy Humor, and Tender Pathos, this grand book is without a peer. The Christian Advocate says: "This splendid book certainly is one of the very best and choicest subscription-books we have ever seen." It is splendidly illustrated with full-page engravings, besides many superb portraits from special photographs.
AGENTS WANTED!
AGENTS! This grand book is now out—selling all others 10 to 1. Ministers, Editors, Celebrities, &c., unanimously endorse it and wish it God-speed. We have many lady agents who have sold over 500 in their respective townships. We want a few good agents—men or women—in this vicinity at once. We give Extra Terms and pay freight. Now is the time to make money. ☞Our Circulars, giving Special Terms, Extra Offer, etc., sent free. Correspondence invited. Address A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

ISLAND HOME
Stock Farm,
Grosse Ile, Wayne Co. Mich.
SAVAGE & FARNUM, PROPRIETORS.

Patrocle No. 2620 (1167).

IMPORTED

Percheron Horses.

All stock selected from the get of sires and dams of established reputation and registered in the French and American stud books.

ISLAND HOME

Is beautifully situated at the head of GROSSE ILE, in the Detroit River, ten miles below the City, and is accessible by railroad and steamboat. Visitors not familiar with the location may call at city office, 92 Campau Building, and an escort will accompany them to the farm. Send for catalogue, free by mail. Address, SAVAGE & FARNUM, Detroit, Mich.

WATCH THE KIDNEYS.

They are the most important secretory organs. Into and through the Kidneys flow the waste fluids of the body, containing poisonous matter taken out of the system. If the Kidneys do not act properly this matter is retained, the whole system becomes disordered and the following symptoms will follow: Headache, weakness, pain in the small of back and loins, flushes of heat, chills, with disordered stomach and bowels. You can thoroughly protect the Kidneys by BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS, and when any of these symptoms manifest themselves you can quickly rid yourself of them by this best of all medicines for the Kidneys. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS are sold everywhere at $1 per bottle, and one bottle will prove their efficacy.

KELLER'S CATARRH-REMEDY

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER OF THE WORLD.

Catarrh has become so prevalent that scarcely a family is exempt, and it is truly the bane of the American race. So many preparations are in the market that do not cure, that a *Positive, Safe, and* NEVER-FAILING CURE will be welcomed by all. KELLER'S Catarrh Remedy and Blood Purifier has NEVER failed in a single case where directions are followed. It strikes at the root of the disease and eliminates the poison from the blood. Its success has been wonderful and sales immense. All that is asked for it is a trial. The most obstinate and long-standing cases yield readily to this remedy. It is perfectly harmless. Price $1 a bottle, 6 bottles for $5. Upon receipt of $5 by Sam'l F. Keller & Co., Harrisburg, Pa., six bottles will be sent by express, prepaid. *Take no other*, for it is the only preparation that *reaches the seat of the disease and Cures.* Send for circular (or ask your druggist for one) concerning Canso, Nature, Symptoms and Cure of Catarrh. It contains testimonials of authentic and genuine cures. It is also the **Best Blood Purifier** in the market. **For sale by Druggists generally.** Wholesale by SAM'L F. KELLER & Co., Harrisburg, Pa.; also by JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co., and SMITH, KLINE & Co., Philad'a, Pa.

THE LIGHT-RUNNING NEW HOME Sewing Machine

Simple Strong Swift Sure

PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR. NEVER OUT OF ORDER. HAS NO EQUAL.

NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. 30 UNION SQUARE NEW YORK. CHICAGO ILL. ORANGE MASS. ATLANTA GA.

FOR SALE BY

J. Q. A. Kennedy, Centre Hall, Ag't.

Millheim Planing Mill.

Furnishes and Keeps on Hand

SASH, — DOORS,
FLOORING OF ALL KINDS,
SIDING, SHUTTERS,
BLINDS,
MOULDING OF ALL KINDS,
STAIR-RAILING,
&c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

Terms Reasonable, and all Orders Promptly attended to.

23jl1y ISRAEL CONFER & SON

MILES UNDER THE SEA.

Many curious forms of fishes have recently been found in the deep sea, says a cotemporary. One fish, dredged from a depth of nearly three miles from the surface, shows a complete modification of structure. It is estimated that this fish has to contend against a pressure equal to two and one-half tons to every square inch of surface. A sealed glass tube, inclosed in a perforated copper covering, has at two miles been reduced to fine powder, while the metal was twisted out of shape. Yet the fishes are so constructed that they withstand the pressure. Their bony and muscular system are not fully developed; the bones are permeated with pores and fissures. The calcareous matter is at a minimum, and the bones of the vertebræ are joined together so loosely that in lifting the larger fish out of the water they often fall apart. The muscles are all thin, and yet the connective tissue seems almost wanting. Yet these fishes are able to dart about and capture prey.

Sunlight penetrates about twelve hundred feet below the surface of the sea. At three thousand feet the temperature lowers to forty degrees Fahrenheit, and from about the same, the world over—just above freezing. How do the fishes and other forms here see? Their eyes are modified as well as their other parts. The fishes that live five hundred feet from the surface have larger eyes than those in the zone above them, so that they can absorb the faint rays that reach them. In a zone below this many forms with small eyes begin to have tentacles, feelers, or organs of touch. Many of these deep sea fishes have special organs on their sides and heads that are known to possess a luminous quality. Other organs are considered accessory eyes, so that the fishes have rows of eyes on their ventral surfaces looking downward, while near are luminous spots that provide them with light. One of the largest of these deep sea torch-bearers is a fish six feet long, with a tall, dorsal fin extending nearly the entire length of the body. The tips of this fin are luminous, and also a broad patch on its head. Along the side, of the body are a double row of luminous spots.

One of the most ferocious of these deep sea forms is the chanliodus. Its mouth is fairly overflowing with teeth, that protrude in a forbidding manner The fins are all tipped with flaming spots, while along the dorsal surface extends a row of spots that appear like so many windows in the fish, through which light is shining. The little fishes, Bombay ducks, are luminous over their entire surface, and when numbers are collected together they present an astonishing spectacle. One of the most interesting of these light-givers, is the chiasmodus, a fish attaining a length of only thirteen inches. The top of its head is the principal light-giving organ, and its fins gleam with phosphorescent light. It is not alone remarkable as a light-giver. It has a jaw so arranged that it can seize fish twice its size, and easily swallow them. Its stomach has the elastic quality of India rubber. It stretches to enormous proportions, and appears like a great transparent balloon hanging under the fish and containing its prey.

A NOTABLE KENTUCKIAN.

Gen. William Preston, of Kentucky, is a character. He was our Minister to Spain when the war began and afterward chief of staff to Albert Sidney Johnston. He was with that distinguished Confederate officer when he was wounded at Shiloh and held the chieftain when he breathed his last. The old General naturally has a fund of reminiscence and experience and denies Gen. Beauregard's claim that he, instead of Johnston, planned the battle of Shiloh. Preston says: "That he took the plan of battle direct from his chief's hands and telegraphed it to Mr. Davis before Gen. Beauregard arrived." This whole dispute about Shiloh, which is a very interesting and important one, is to receive very heroic treatment within a short time. Gen. Grant, Gen. Beauregard and William Preston Johnston are each to prepare elaborate papers upon the incidents and accidents of that great battle. Gen. Preston, speaking of that engagement, said: "There were three battles of the late war, all of them greater than the battle of Waterloo, Shiloh, Stone River and Chickamauga. Each of them were most stubbornly contested, and the losses on each side considerably greater than at Waterloo. Shiloh I regard in many respects the greatest battle of the world. It was practically the crowning glory of American valor. Here were two great armies of raw troops who met in the shock of battle and never flinched. It was the most stubbornly contested battle of of modern times. Once when Sir Granet Wolseley, the present commander of the English army, asked me at a dinner party at Montreal if the South could not have held out longer, I replied: 'As a mare matter of physical endurance, yes; but do you know, sir, that in the four years of war through which we passed, the South alone, with its few millions of people, lost more men in battle than England did in all its wars from William Conqueror to Queen Victoria.' I spoke with some feeling and it ended in a discussion as to the reason why the South did not continue to fight."

Ebony and Mahogany curtain poles with elegant brass trimmings, only 75 cents, at the Bee Hive.

Scientific

Huxley's acceptance of Darwinism is given in these words: "I adopt the theory of Darwin under the reserve that proof should be given that physiological species can be produced by selective crossing."

An application of guncotton is said to have been made in such a manner that it will eventually supersede the use of steam for the purpose of light locomotion and driving small machinery. Details of the invention are withheld until a public exhibition of its utility is made.

Writing from Lynn, Mass., a correspondent reminds the *Scientific American* that, as an instance of a remarkable flight of an exploded boiler, about two years ago a boiler exploded in that city, and the flying portion, describing a circle high in the air, landed 900 feet from where it started.

Dr. Gore, in a paper on the electrolysis of fluoride, chlorate, and perchlorate of silver, has shown that a solution of these salts is readily decomposed by using electrodes of silver and an electric current derived from a single cell composed of zinc and platinum in dilute sulphuric acid.

Ostwald suggests that in reactions which take place under the influence of acids the rapidities of such reactions are proportional to the electric conductivity of the acids. Syante Arrhenius had at an earlier period, though the fact was not known to Ostwald, arrived at essentially the same result.

An interesting experiment to ascertain the effect of artificial heat on vegetation has been made by Barthelemy. He arranged a number of hyacinths in glasses in a circle around the pipe of a stove, and after some time he found that the roots assumed a nearly horizontal position, or a direction almost at right-angles to the pipe.

Monuments and statues cast from refined zinc are given a sparkling appearance by directing a sand blast under steam pressure upon them so that the sand cuts the surface but does not adhere to it. A thin film of oxide is thus formed, which stands atmospheric exposure admirably; yet the film is so thin that it scarcely admits of ordinary measurement.

A paper on the movement of Hyperion, by Prof. S. Newcomb, has been read before the Academy of Sciences, Paris. The conclusion arrived at is that all the conjunctions of Hyperion with Titan take place near the aposaturn of the latter satellite. The point of conjunction oscillates between 180° on either side of the aposaturn during the period of the revolution of the perisaturn of Hyperion in relation to that of Titan.

With regard to securing pure, healthful milk the following opinion by Prof. Foser, of Munich, has been quoted by N. Gerber: "It is desirable to prevent the sale of milk which is below a certain standard as good milk, even if it be simply the unadulterated product of single animals reduced through insufficient and faulty feeding. Ordinances passed for the prevention of adulteration would be powerless if it be lawful that milk may be adulterated before its production in the body of the animal by injudicious treatment and feeding."

An architect thus recommends the use of copper as a roof-covering in place of tin: "We always specify the use of copper for covering roofs when we can induce owners to allow us to do so, on account of its durability, although its cost is about $14 per 100 square feet over the price of tin roofing. When we reflect that a tin roof requires constant repairs, and painting at least every two years at a cost of 2 or 3 cents a foot, varying as to the number of coats, the cost of repairs for six years, together with the cost of tin roof, equals the cost of copper."

George Lawson, of Dalhousie College, Halifax, Nova Scotia, writes as follows on wasps as fly-killers: "In this part of the world wasps enter dwellings by the open windows, in Summer time, and hunt flies unmercifully, leaving the dead in hundreds on the floors, ready to be swept into a dustpan. This occurs only in the country and where wasps' nests are near by." Westwood quotes from St. John's "Letters to an American Farmer" that "The Americans aware of their (wasps') service in destroying flies, sometimes suspend a hornet's nest in their parlors."

At the requisition of the prefect of Police, Paris, MM. Dujardin, Beaumetz, Pasteur, and Roux performed experiments with the view of ascertaining what would be the best gas for disinfecting rooms in which patients suffering from contagious diseases had sojourned. These gentlemen have come to the conclusion that sulphuric acid gas would be the most efficacious for such purpose, but, instead of simply burning sulphur, as is usually done, they recommend the burning of bisulphide of carbon as being the least expensive and the least injurious to furniture or articles of metal in the room.

—Our black silks at $1.50, $1.75, $2 and $2.25 are guaranteed not to crack or wear shiny—Bee Hive.

Chronic Dysentery.

Mr. James Brannan, Second avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., writes: "For two years I have been constantly troubled with a chronic diarrhœa, or dysentery, having had, on an average, from twenty to twenty-five passages every twenty-four hours, and every one bloody. I had thoroughly tried all the prominent physicians in Pittsburgh, was twice in the West Penn Hospital, the first time thirteen weeks, and though I left it much better, yet in five days I was as bad as ever. I then tried two other great doctors in this city, and one of them finally assured me I was not long for this world, and advised me to write to my friends about it. I next went to Dr. Hartman, without the least confidence that he could do anything for me. He examined me, smiled, and said, he could stop the bloody discharges in less than two weeks, which he did with PERUNA, and I have now been entirely well for several weeks, and never felt better in my life, though I am still taking his PERUNA. I will take it whenever I need medicine.

Mr. Patrick Burns, Pittsburgh, writes: "I have suffered intensely from piles and chronic diarrhœa. I was treated by five of the best physicians and surgeons in the city of Pittsburgh, and with all grew constantly worse. Finally three of them said my only hope was an operation. This frightened me, and I went immediately to Dr. Hartman, who has entirely cured me with PERUNA. I have been at work now for three months, and never in my life felt better. Call and see me at corner of Twenty-seventh and Mulberry streets, Twelfth ward, Pittsburgh."

Mr. Patrick Cunningham, S. S., near Sidney street, Pittsburgh, Pa., writes: "For five years I have suffered inexpressibly from internal and external piles. I have tried the best physicians of Pittsburgh and Allegheny without relief. I went to Dr. Hartman, who cured me without detention from work with PERUNA."

Charles Frank, of Emrichville, Jefferson county, Ohio, writes: "I had piles and fistula in ano for four years. I had suffered constantly with a discharge of matter from the parts, and sometimes from the contents of the bowels through it. I could not have borne it much longer. I had heard so much of the ill effects of a knife operation that I resolved to go to Dr. Hartman. He ridiculed the silly idea of cutting it, and at once performed his own original operation without the knife, and without pain. I am thoroughly cured, though of course I took PERUNA."

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE. IN EFFCT NOV. 17, 1884. Daily Except Sunday.

Leave Westward.

	1 A.M.	3 A.M.	5 A.M.	7 P.M.	9 P.M.
Montandon	5.50	9.20	10.20	1.45	5.55
Lewisburg, ar.	6.00	9.30	10.35	2.00	6.10
Lewisburg, lv.	7.25		10.36	2.15	
Fair Ground	7.30		10.40	2.20	
Biehl	7.40		10.51	2.30	
Vicksburg	7.45		11.00	2.36	
Mifflinburg	8.00ar.		11.20	2.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			1e3.00	
Milmont	8.22			3.28	
Laurelton	8.33			3.40	
Coburn	9.48			5.00	
Rising Spring	10.15			5.30	
Centre Hall	10.39				
Linden Hall	11.00 arrive				
Oak Hall	11.10 arrive				

Leave Eastward.

	2 A.M.	4 A.M.	6	8	10 P.M.
Oak Hall					1.00
Linden Hall					1.08
Centre Hall					1.23
Rising Spring		5.50			1.50
Coburn		6.18			2.20
Laurelton		7.30			3.40
Milmont		7.40			3.52
Mifflinburg, ar.		8.00	A.M.	P.M.	4.13
Mifflinburg, lv.		8.00		12.10	4.13
Vicksburg		8.15		12.26	4.28
Biehl		8.20		12.34	4.34
Fair Ground		8.30		12.45	4.45
Lewisburg, ar. A.M		8.35		12.50	4.50
Lewisburg, lv.	5.25	8.55	10.00	1.05	5.25
Montandon ar.	5.40	ar. 9.10	ar. 10.10	ar. 1.20	ar. 5.40

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.

CHAS. F PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Ag't.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD — (Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May, 11, 1884

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 20 p m
" "	Harrisburg	3 30 a m
" "	Montandon	5 46 a m
" "	Williamsport	7 25 a m
" "	Jersey Shore	7 57 a m
" "	Lock Haven	8 25 a m
" "	Renovo	9 35 a m
" arr at	Erie	6 00 p m
NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
" " "	Harrisburg	8 10 a m
" " "	Montandon	10 12 a m
" " "	Williamsport	11 45 a m
" " arr at	Lock Haven	12 20 p m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia	7 40 a m
" "	Harrisburg	11 25 a m
" "	Montandon	1 32 a m
" " arr at	Williamsport	2 35 p m
" " "	Lock Haven	3 55 p m
" " "	Renovo	5 05 p m
" " "	Kane	9 25 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at		5 05 p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	11 10 p m
" "	Harrisburg	3 25 p m
" "	Montandon	5 50 p m
" "	Williamsport	7 10 p m
" "	Lock Haven	8 05 p m
" arr at	Renovo	9 15 p m
	(Sunday Train.	
SUNDAY MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
" "	Harrisburg	7 40 a m
" "	Montandon	9 37 a m
" "	Williamsport	10 40 a m
" "	Lock Haven	11 33 a m
" arrives	Renovo	12 30 p m
	EASTWARD.	
SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven	7 00 a m
" " "	Jersey Shore	7 29 a m
" " "	Williamsport	8 10 a m
" " "	Montandon	9 16 a m
" " arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m
" " "	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane	6 00 a m
" "	Renovo	10 05 a m
" "	Lock Haven	11 15 a m
" "	Williamsport	12 35 p m
" "	Montandon	1 36 p m
" arr at	Harrisburg	3 48 p m
" "	Philadelphia	7 25 p m
WMPT ACN leaves	Renovo	3 40 p m
" "	Lock Haven	5 00 p m
" "	Williamsport	6 35 p m
" "	Montandon	7 49 p m
" arrives at	Harrisburg	10 25 p m
" "	Philadelphia	3 05 a m
Sunday Train—Williamsport Accom'n East runs also on Sundry.		
ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie	2 20 p m
" "	Renovo	10 40 p m
" "	Lock Haven	11 45 p m
" "	Williamsport	1 00 a m
" "	Montandon	2 05 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	4 20 a m
" "	Philadelphia	7 50 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

CHAS. E. PUGH, Gen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passger Agent

If you want good shoulder braces, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, and at reasonable prices, go to the Centre Hall drug store. J. D. MURRAY, Druggist.

11jun tf

DO YOU KNOW

THAT

—LORILLARD'S CLIMAX—

PLUG TOBACCO

with Red Tin Tag; Rose Leaf Fine Cut Chewing NAVY CLIPPINGS, and Black, Brown and Yellow SNUFFS are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

6aug y.

J. C. BRACKBILL W. R. BRACKBILL

Furniture and Bedding!

THE LARGEST STOCK!

THE LOWEST PRICES!

Give us a Call,------Satisfaction Guaranteed,

J. BRACKBILL'S SONS,

Spring St.,————Bellefonte, Pa.

——Electric Light.——

GOODS SHOWN AT NIGHT AS WELL AS DAY.

HARDWARE — STOVES.

In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.

In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER
In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.

A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.

WILSON, McFARLANE & CO

NO SURPRISE!

THE GOVERNMENT ENDORSES

The American Agriculturist.

(From the 10th Census, Vol. 8, just published.)

"The American Agriculturist is especially worthy of mention, because of the remarkable success that has attended the unique and untiring efforts of its proprietors to increase and extend its circulation. Its contents are duplicated every month for a German edition, which also circulates widely."

This tribute is a pleasing incident in the marvellous nearly HALF A CENTURY Career of this recognized leading Agricultural Journal of the world.

WHAT IS IT TO-DAY?

Six months ago the American Agriculturist entered upon a new career of prosperity, and to-day it is far superior to any similar periodical ever produced in this or any other country. Richer in editorial strength, richer in engravings, printed on finer paper, and presenting in every issue 100 columns of original reading matter from the ablest writers, and nearly 100 Illustrations. Dr. Geo. Thurber, for nearly a quarter of a century the editor-in-chief of the American Agriculturist, Jos. Harris, Bryon D. Halsted, Col. M. C. Weld and And. S. Fuller, the other long time editors, together with the other writers who have made the American Agriculturist what it is to-day, are still at their posts.

WHAT, FREE???

Every subscriber, whose subscription is immediately forwarded us with the price, $1.50 per year, and 15 cents extra for postage on Cyclopaedia, making $1.65 in all, will receive the American Agriculturist (English or German) for all of 1885, and be presented with the American Agriculturist Family Cyclopaedia, (just out.) 7000 pages and over 1,000 Engravings, strongly bound in cloth, black and gold.

This entirely new volume is a remarkable storehouse and book of reference for every department of human knowledge, including an Agricultural supplement by Dr. Thurber.

Send three 3-cent stamps for mailing you specimen copy American Agriculturist, an elegant 40-page Premium List, with 200 illustrations, and specimen pages of our Family Cyclopaedia. Canvassers wanted everywhere. Address,

PUB. AMERICAN AGRICULTURISTS,
DAVID W. JUDD, Pres't. SAM'L BURNHAM, Sec. 751 Broadway, New York. 1t

! Holiday Presents !

Roller Skates,
Cheap Ice Skates,
MOUTH HARMONICAS,
VIOLINS, — BANJOS
ACCORDIONS,
—— MUSICAL STRINGS, ——
PLAYING CARDS, REVOLVERS,
RIFLES AND SHOT GUNS,
ALSO A FEW FINE GERMAN

Singing Canaries,

AT THE
"GREAT CENTRAL GUN WORKS,"
Water St., Bellefonte, Pa.,
THEO. DESHNER,
dec24 Proprietor.

$200,000 in presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than any thing else in America. All about the $200,000 presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

LEARN TELEGRAPHY, or SHORT-HAND and Type-Writing *HERE.* Situations furnished. Address MORSE SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY, Janesville, Wis.

J. D. LONG, J. D. LONG
AT
Spring Mills,
HAS JUST OPENED
A Complete Stock of
DRY GOODS, ... DRESS GOODS,
NOTIONS,
HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES,
HARDWARE,
OILS, OILS AND PAINTS, PAINTS,
GLASSWARE, QUEENSWARE,
Groceries,
COFFEES ..... SUGARS ..... TEAS
....FISH, SALT, TOBACCO, ...
.....SEGARS AND.....
EVERYTHING KEPT IN A WELL REGULATED STORE.
.....ALL NEW GOODS.....
He offers bargains unsurpassed in this COUNTY.
All kinds of produce taken, and Highest Market Prices paid.
Highest price paid for all kinds of GRAIN.
COAL on hand always. 15oct3m

The Grandest Popular Work Ever Published. Many Years in Preparation. At Last Completed.

SCAMMELL'S UNIVERSAL

Treasure-House OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

A Compendium of the best Method in Every Department of Human Effort. The most complete and overwhelming collection of practical, useful and immensely valuable processes, receipts, trade secrets, methods ways and means in every art and business. Nothing omitted.

SEVEN VOLUMES IN ONE.

(I) Farm Interests. (II) Domestic Life. (III) Chemistry and Health. (IV) Mechanics. (V) Mercantile Life. (VI) Refinements. (VII) Recreation.

In short, plain directions HOW TO DO EVERYTHING under the sun. No volume like it to be found in Europe or America. A magnificent, comprehensive and tremendous aggregation of absolutely useful information for actual every-day life. Tens of thousands of subjects, and Thousands of ENGRAVINGS illustrating them. Beautiful colored plates. Wonderful and endless variety. A book worth its weight in gold to every possessor. Sells at sight. Territory extremely valuable. AGENTS WANTED who can appreciate a first-class book. No competition. The handsomest volume in market. It draws like a magnet. Address SCAMMELL & CO., 12nov6m Philadelphia, Pa.

SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP!

50 YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

Pronounced by all to be the most pleasant and efficacious remedy now in use, for the cure of coughs, colds, croup, hoarseness, tickling sensation of the throat, whooping cough, etc. Over a million bottles sold within the last few years. It gives relief wherever used, and has the power to impart benefit that cannot be had from the cough mixtures now in use. Sold by all druggists at 25 cents per bottle.

NEW RICH BLOOD.

Sending health in every fiber of the system, is rapidly made by that remarkable preparation, LINDSEY'S IMPROVED BLOOD SEARCHER. For the speedy cure of Scrofula, Wasting, Mercurial Disease, Eruptions, Erysipelas, vital decay, and every indication of impoverished blood. "Lindsey's Blood Searcher" is the one remedy that can always be relied upon. Druggists sell it. 4 dec. y

Win more money than at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK Co., Portland, Maine.

DOWNS' ELIXIR.

N. H. DOWNS'

Vegetable Balsamic

ELIXIR

For the cure of

Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Croup, Asthma, Pleurisy, Hoarseness, Influenza, Spitting Blood, Bronchitis, and all diseases of the *Throat, Chest,* and *Lungs.* In all cases where this Elixir is used its efficacy is at once manifested, convincing the most incredulous that

CONSUMPTION

is not incurable, if properly attended to.—At its commencement it is but a slight irritation of the membrane which covers the Lungs; then an inflamation, when the cough is rather dry, local fever, and the pulse more frequent, the cheeks flushed and chills more common. This Elixir in curing the above complaints, operates so as to remove all **morbid irritations and inflamation** from the lungs to the surface, and finally expel them from the system. It facilitates expectoration.

It heals the ulcerated surfaces and relieves the cough and makes the breathing easy. It supports the strength and at the same time reduces the fever. It is free from strong opiate and astringent articles, which are of so drying a nature as to be in great danger of destroying the patient; whereas this medicine never dries or stops the cough, but, by removing the cause, consequently, when the cough is cured the patient is well. Send address for pamphlet giving full directions, free.

Price 35 cts., 50 cts., and $1.00 per bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY, JOHNSON & LORD, Props., Burlington, Vt.

DOWNS' ELIXIR. DOWNS' ELIXIR.

For sale at Murray's Drug store.

WANTED! Energetic, reliable men to sell Grape Vines, Small Fruits, &c. SALARIES and expenses paid. Experience essential. Full instructions, grape book, etc., free. Address, LE CLARE & FERRICK, One mile east of Rochester

FADING DAYS.

Filled with a quiet sadness nigh to tears,
When tears come fresh from no ungentle spring,
Beside this stream, whose tongue runs faltering,
I watch this graceful fading of the year's
A breeze shakes all the host of grassy spears.
Rustling their faded pennants where they cling;
A brown rust widens round the fairies' ring,
Pale on each bough a dying grace appears.

The air is tremulous with hovering fears,
Each moment some loved charm is taking wing,
For every pearl that falls from summer's string
Dies in my breast some song her love endears.
O Autumn! haste; blow fresh through heart and brain
The riper notes of thy reviving strain!

THE THIRD BOWL.

"Draw your chair close up. Put your feet on those skins. You will find them soft and warm. Light another pipe, and fill your glass, Philip. It is a bitter night. My old bones shudder when I hear the wind wail over the house and through the oak-tree. Capital punch, that John has a knack at the article that I have rarely seen equaled—never surpassed. He is a prince of servants, is John, if he is black. I have had him with me now—let me see. It must be thirty years, at least—it is thirty-two years next Christmas week, and I have never quarreled with him, and he has never quarreled with me. A rare history for master and man. I think it is because we love each other's weakness, and here he comes.

"John, another bowl of bunch, if you please. What not another! Certainly, man, I must have it. This is only the second, and Philip, yonder, has drank half, of course. Not drank any! You don't mean to say that he has been drinking nothing but that vile claret all the blessed evening? Philip you dog, I thought you knew my house-rules better than that. But you always would have your own way.

"One more bowl, John—but one. It shall be the last; and, John, get the old Maraschino, one of the thick black bottles with the small necks, and open it gently. But you know how, old fellow, and just do your best to make us comfortable.

"How the wind howls! Philip, my boy, I am seventy-three years old, and seven days over. My birth-day was a week ago to-day.

An old bachelor! Yea, verily. One of the oldest kind. But what is age? What is the paltry sum of seventy years? Do you think I am any older in my soul than I was half a century ago? Do you think, because my heart beats slower, that my mind thinks more slowly, my feelings are less buoyant, less cheerful, if they look forward only weeks instead of years? I tell you, boy, that seventy years are a day in the sweep of memory; and once young forever young, is the motto of an immortal soul. I know I am what men call old, I know my cheeks are wrinkled like an ancient parchment, and my lips are thin, and my head gray even to silver. But in my soul I feel that I am young, and I shall be young till the earthly ceases and the unearthly and eternal begins.

"I have not grown one day older than I was at thirty-two. I have never advanced a day since then. All my life long since that has been one day—one short day; no night, no rest, no succession of hours, events, or thoughts has marked my advance.

"Philip, I have been living forty years by the light of one memory—by the side of one grave.

"John, set the bowl down on the hearth. You may go. You need not sit up for me. Philip and I will see each other to our rooms to-night, John. Go, old fellow, and sleep soundly.

"Phil, she was the purest angel that flesh ever imprisoned, the most beautiful child of Eve. I can see her now. Her eyes raying the light of heaven—her brow white, calm, and holy—her lips wreathed with the blessing of her smile. She was as graceful as a form seen in dreams, and she moved through the scenes around her as you have seen the angelic visitors of your slumber, move through crowded assemblies, without effort, apparently with some superhuman aid.

"The child of wealth, she was fitted to adorn the splendid house in which she was born and grew to womanhood. It was a grand old place, built in the midst of a growth of oaks that might have been there when Columbus discovered America, and seemed likely to stand a century longer. They are standing yet, and the wind to-night makes a wild lament through their branches that sounds mournfully above her grave.

"I must pause to recall the scenery of the old familiar spot. There was a stream of water dashed down the rocks a hundred yards from the house, and which kept always full and fresh, an acre of pond over which hung willows, and maples, and other trees, while on the surface the white blossoms of the lotus nodded lazily on the ripples with Egyptian sleepiness and languor.

"The old house was built of dark-stone, and had a massive appearance, not relieved by the sombre shade in which it stood. The sunshine seldom penetrated to the ground in the summer months, except one spot, just in front of the library windows, where it used to lie and sleep in the grass, as if it loved the old place. And if sunshine loved it, why should not I.

"General Lewis was one of the pleasant, old-fashioned men, now quite gone out of memory, as well as out of existence. He loved his horses, his dogs, his place, and his punch. He loved his nephew Tom, wild, uncouth, rough cub as he was; but above horses, dogs, or house, or all together he loved his daughter Sarah, and I loved her too.

"Yes, you may look at me as you will, Phil Philips, I loved Sarah Lewis, and, by all the gods, I love her now as I loved her then, and as I shall love her if I meet her again where she has gone.

"Call it folly, call it boyish, call it an old man's whim, an old man's second childhood, I care not by what name you call it, it is enough that to-night the image of that young girl stands before me splendidly beautiful in all the holiness of her young glad life, and I could bow down on my knees and worship her now again.

"Why did I say again? For forty years I have not ceased to worship her. If I kneel to pray in the morning, she passes between me and God. If I would read the prayers at evening twilight she looks up at me from the page. If I worship on a Sabbath morning in the church, she looks down on me from some unfathomable distance, some unapproachable height, and I pray to her as if she were my hope, my heaven, my all.

"Sometimes in the winter nights I feel a coldness stealing over me, and icy fingers are feeling about my heart, as if to grasp and still it. I lie calmly, quietly, and I think my hour is at hand; and through the gloom, and through the mists and films that gather over my vision, I see her afar off still the same angel in the distant heaven, and I reach out my arms to her, and I cry aloud on God to let me go find her, and on her to to come to me, and then darkness settles on me.

"The doctor calls this apoplexy, and says I shall some day die in a fit of it. What do doctors know of the tremendous influences that are working on our souls? He, in his scientific stupidity, calls it a disease, and warns me against wine and high living; as if I did not understand what it is, and why my vision at such times reaches so very far into the deep unknown.

"I have spoken of Tom Lewis, her cousin. Rumor said he was the old man's heir in equal proportion with the daughter; for he had been brought up in the family, and had always been treated as a son. He was a good fellow if he was rough, for he had the goodness that all who came within her influence must have.

"I have seen her look the devil out of him often. I remember once when the horses had behaved in a way not to suit him, and he had let an oath or two escape his lips preparatory to putting on the whip. We were riding together down the avenue, and he raised the lash. At the moment he caught her eye. She was walking up from the lodge, where she had been to see a sick child. She saw the raised cane and her eye caught his. He did not strike. The horses escaped for that time. He drove them quietly through the gate, for three miles and back without a word of anger.

"Did I tell you I was her cousin also? on her mother's side. Not on the General's. We lived not far off, and I lived much of my time at his house. Tom and myself had been inseparable, and we did not conceal our rivalry from each other.

"'Tom,' said I, one morning, 'why can't you be content with half the General's fortune, and let me have the other half?'

"'Bah! Jerry,' said he, 'as if that would be any more even, when you want Sarah with it. In Heaven's name, take half of the money, if that's all you want.'

"'Can't we fix it so as to make an even division, Tom? Take all the fortune, and let me have her, and I'll call it square.'

"'Just what I was going to propose to you. Be reasonable now, Jerry, and get out of the way. You must see that she doesn't care a copper for you.'

"I twirled a rosebud in my fingers that she had given me that morning, and replied:

"Poor devil! I did not think you could be so infatuated. Why, Tom, there is no chance for you under the sun. But go ahead; find it out as you will. I'm sorry for you.'

"A hundred such pleasant talks we used to have, and she never gave either of us one particle more of encouragement than the other. She was a sister to us both, and neither dared break the spell of our perfect happiness by asking her to be more.

"And so time passed on.

"One summer afternoon we were off together on horseback, all three of us, over the mountain and down the valley. We were returning toward sunset, sauntering along the road, down the side of the hill.

"Philip, stir the fire a little. That bowl of punch is getting cold, it seems to me, and I am a little chilly myself. Perhaps it is the recollection of that day that chills me.

"I had made up my mind if opportunity occurred, to tell her that day all that I had thought for years. I had determined to know, once for all, if she would love me or no.

"If not, I would go I cared not where the world was broad enough, and it should be to some place I should never see her face again, never hear her voice again, never bow down and worship her magnificent beauty again. I would go to Russia and offer myself to the Czar, or to Syria and fight with Napoleon, or to Ezypt and serve with the men of Murad Bey. All my notions were military, I remember, and all my ideas were of war and death on the field.

"I rode by her side, and looked up at her occasionally, and thought she was looking splendidly. I had never seen her more so. Every attitude was grace, every look was life and spirit.

"Tom clung close to her. One would have thought he was watching the very opportunity I was after myself. Now he rode a few paces forward, and as I was catching my breath to say 'Sarah,' he would rein up and fall back to his place, and I would make some flat remark that made me seem like a fool to myself, not to her.

"'What's the matter with you, Jerry?' said she at length.

"'Jerry's in love,' said Tom.

"I could have thrashed him on the spot.

"'In love! Jerry in love!' and she turned her large brown eyes toward me.

"In vain I sought to fathom them, and arrive at some conclusion whether or no the subject interested her with special force.

"The eyes remained fixed, till I blundered out the old saw, 'Tom judges others by himself.'

"Then the eyes turned to Tom, and he plead d guilty by his awkward looks, and half blushes, and averted eyes, and forced laugh.

"By Heaven thought I, what would I not give for Tom's awkwardness now! The scoundrel is winning his way by it.

"'Jerry is Tom in love?'

"The naivete of the question, the correctness of it, the very simplicity of thing was irresistible, and I could not repress a smile that grew into a broad laugh.

"Tom joined in it, and we made the woods ring with our merriment.

"'I say, Tom isn't that your whip lying back yonder in the road?'

"'Confound it, yes; the cord has broken from my wrist;' and he rode back for it.

"'Jerry, whom does Tom love?' said she, quickly, turning to me.

"'You,' said I, bluntly.

"'Why, of course; but who is he in love with, I mean?'

"It was a curious way to get at it. Could I be justified? It was not asking what I had intended, but it was getting at it in another way, and just as well, perhaps. It was, at all events, asking Tom's question for him, and it saved me the embarrassment of putting it as my own. I determined this in an instant.

"'Sarah, could you love Tom well enough to marry him?'

"'I! Jerry; what do you mean?'

"'Suppose Tom wants you to be his wife, will you marry him?'

"'I don't know—I can't tell—I never thought of such a thing. You don't think he has any such idea, do you?'

"That was my answer. It was enough as far as it went, but I was no better off than before. She did not love Tom, or she would never have answered thus. But did she love me? Would she marry me? Wouldn't she receive the idea in just the same way?

"I looked back. Tom was on the ground, had picked up his whip, and had one foot in the stirrup, ready to mount again. I gulped down my heart that was up in my throat and spoke out:

"'Sarah, will you marry me?'

"Philip, she turned her eyes again toward me—those large brown eyes, those holy eyes—and blessed me with their unutterably glorious gaze. To my dying hour I shall not forget that gaze; to all eternity it will remain in my soul. She looked at me one look; and whether it was pity, sorrow, surprise, or love, I cannot tell you. that filled them and overflowed toward me from out their immeasurable depths; but, Philip, it was the last light of those eyes I ever saw—the last, the last.

"Is there anything left in that bowl? Thank you. Just a glassful. You will not take any? Then, by your leave, I will finish it. My story is nearly ended, and I will not keep you much longer.

"We had noticed, so absorbed had we been in our pleasant talk, that a black cloud had risen in the west and obscured the sun, and covered the entire sky; and even the sultry air had not called our attention to the coming thunder-storm.

"As she looked at me, even as she fixed her eyes on mine, a flash, blinding and fierce, fell on the top of a pine-tree by the roadside not fifty yards from us, and the crash of the thunder shook the foundation of the hills.

"For a moment all was dazzling, burning, blazing light; then sight was gone, and a momentary darkness settled on our eyes. The horses crouched to the ground in terror, and Sarah bowed her head as if in the presence of God.

"All this was the work of an instant, and the next Tom's horse sprang by us on a furious gallop, dragging Tom by the stirrup. He had been in the act of mounting when the flash came, and his horse swerved and jumped so that his foot caught, and he was dragged with his head on the ground.

"There was a point on the road, about fifty yards ahead, where it divided in two. The one was a carriage-track, which wound down the mountain by easy descents; the other was a foot-path, which was a short precipitous cut to a point on the carriage-road nearly a quarter of a mile below.

"Calling to Sarah to keep back and wait, I drove the spurs into my horse and went down the steep path. Looking back, I saw her following, her horse making tremendous speed. She kept the carriage road following on after Tom, and I pressed on, thinking to intercept his horse below.

"My pace was terrible. I could hear them thundering down the track above. I looked down, and saw a gully before me full eighteen feet wide, and as many deep.

"A great horse was that black horse Caesar, and he took the gully at a flying leap that landed us far over it. and a moment later I was at the point where the two roads met, but only in time to see the other two horses go by at a furious pace, Sarah's abreast of the gray, and she reaching her hand bravely trying to grasp the flying rein, as her horse went leap for leap with him.

To ride close behind them was worse than useless in such a case. It would but serve to increase their speed; so I fell back a dozen rods and followed, watching the end.

"At the foot of the mountain the river ran broad and deep, spanned by the bridge at the narrowest point. To reach the bridge, the road took a short turn up stream, directly on the bank.

"On swept the gray and the black horse, side by side, down by the hillside, not fifty leaps along the level ground, and then came the turn.

"She was on the off-side. At the sharp turn she pressed ahead a half length and reined her horse across the gray's shoulder, if possible, to turn him up toward the bridge.

"It was all over in an instant. The gray was the heavier horse. He pressed her close; the black horse yielded, gave way toward the fence, a light rail, broke with a crash, and they went over, altogether into the deep black stream.

"Still, still the sound of that crash and plunge is in my ears. Still I can see them go headlong down that bank together into the black water!

"I never know exactly what I did then. When I was conscious I found myself swimming around in a circle, diving occasionally to find them but in vain. The gray horse swam ashore and stood on the bank by my black, with distended nostrils and trembling limbs shaking from head to foot with terror. The other black horse was floating down the surface of the stream, drowned. His mistress was nowhere visible, and Tom was gone also.

"I found her at last.

"Yes, she was dead!

"Restore her? No. A glance at her face showed how vain all such hope was. Never was human face so angelic. She was already one of the saintly—one of the immortals—and the beauty and glory of her new life had left some faint likeness of itself on her dear form and face.

"Philip, I said I had never grown a day older since that. You know now why. I have never ceased to think of her as on that day. I have never lost the blessing of those eyes as they looked on me in the forest on the mountain road. I have never left her, never gone away from her. If, in the resurrection, we are to resume the bodies most exactly fitted to represent our whole live; if, as I sometimes thought, we shall rise in the forms we wore when some great event stamped our souls forever, then I am certain that I shall awake in form and feature as I was that day, and no record will remain of an hour of my life after her burial.

"We buried her in the old vault close by the house, among the solid oaks. Beautiful, angel-like, to the very last.

"My voice is broken. I can not say more, Philip. You have the story. That is the whole of it. God bless you, Phil, my boy. You have listened—patiently—to my talk

"Good-night, boy. Go to bed. I'll stay here in the old chair awhile. I don't—exactly—feel—like—sleeping—yet."

I left him sitting there; his head bowed on his breast; his eyes closed, his breathing short and heavy, as if with suppressed grief. My own eyes were misty.

In the hall I found John, sitting bolt upright in a large chair.

"Why, John, I thought the Major sent you to bed long ago?"

"Yes, sir; the Major always send me to bed at the third bowl, Sir, and I always doesn't go. He's been telling you the old story, now hasn't he, Mr. Philip?"

"What old story, John?"

"Why, all about Miss Lewis, and Mister Tom, and the General?"

"Yes."

John laid his long black finger knowingly up by the side of his nose, and looked at me.

"Why, John—you don't mean to say—eh?"

"All the punch, Sir."

"What! Sarah and the black horse, and—";

"All punch, Sir."

"John, my man, go in and take care of him. He is either asleep or drunk. Curious that! Why didn't I think that a man was hardly to be believed after the second bowl, and perfectly incredible on the third. By Jove! he is a trump at a story, though."

It would be difficult to describe all that I dreamed about that night.

The Colors of Horses.

The Arabs of Sahara are very particular as to the color of their horses. White is the color for Princes, but does not stand heat. The black brings fortune, but fears rocky ground. The chestnut is the most active. If one tells you he has seen a horse fly in the air, ask of what color it was; if he replies "Chestnut," believe him. In a combat against a chestnut, you must have a chestnut. The bay is the hardiest and the most sober. If one tells you a horse has leaped to the bottom of a precipice without hurting himself, ask of what color he was, and if he replies, "Bay," believe him.

Ben Dyab, a renowned chief of the desert, happening one day to be pursued by Saad-el-Zenaty, turned to his son and asked:

"What horses are in the front of the enemy?"

"White horses," replied the son.

"It is well; let us make for the sunny side, and they will melt away like butter."

Some time after Ben Dyad again turned to his son and said:

"What horses are in the front of the enemy?"

"Black horses," cried his son.

"It is well; let us make for the stony ground, and we shall have nothing to fear; they are the negroes of the Soudan, who cannot walk with bear feet upon the flints."

He changed his course, and the black horses were speedily distanced. A third time Ben Dyab askad. "And now what horses are in the front of the enemy?"

"Dark chestnuts and dark bays."

"In that case," said Ben Dyab, "strike out, my children, strike out, and give your horses the heel, for these might per chance overtake us, had we not given barley to ours all the summer through."

Burdette on Profanity.

Yes, we think you might class "gosh-dum" and 'dad-bing" as profane swearing. 'Gaul-ding' may also be considered a swear word. 'Dumsswizzled' is another. All these words bear the same relation to thoroughbred, sky blue profanity that the pale pink lemonade of the Sunday school picnic does to the raw whiskey of the target company's excursion. They are the outgrowth of a terrible struggle of a theological compromise arranged by our Puritan ancestors, who recognized with a faultless spiritual vision and worldly acumen the necessity of a pure life and sinless vocabulary, and at the same time the utter impossibility of plowing a New England stone patch without a class of words designed to relieve the overburdened mind and astonished feelings, every time the plow handles broke a man's ribs and extorted every last drop of vital breath from his panting body.

A new anti-fouling composition for the submerged portions of iron or steel sea-going vessels has recently been invented. Venice turpentine, Palma Christi oil, tallow and colcothar are boiled with another mixture of barium sulphate and calcium carbonate ground with linseed oil and common turpentine. The plates to be covered with the composition, which must be applied hot, receive first a sufficient number of coats of zinc or white-lead paint. The invention may be carried out with the different ingredients in various proportions.

She Held the Fort.

There were brave girls among the early French colonists of Canada. One striking instance is related of a mere child defending a fort for seven days against assaulting savages. In Edward Eggleston's recent historic series the story is told as follows; "One October morning in 1692, the inhabitants of Vercheres, a settlement twenty miles below Montreal, were in the field at work. There were but two soldiers within the fort. The commander and his wife were absent. Their daughter Madeleine, a girl of fourteen, stood on the landing with a hired man, when she heard firing.

"'Run, mademoiselle run!" cried the man. "Here come the Iroquois!"

"Looking round, the girl saw the Indians near at hand. She ran for the fort, and the Indians, seeing they could not catch her, fired at her. The bullets whistled round her, and 'made the time seem very long,' as she afterwards said:

"As soon as she neared the fort, she cried out, "To arms! to arms!' hoping that she would get assistance. But the two soldiers were so frightened that they had hidden in the block house.

"When Madeleine reached the gate of the fort, she found two women there crying for their husbands, who were in the fields and had just been killed. Madeleine forced them in, and shut the gate. She instantly went to examine the defences of the fort, and found that some of the palisades had fallen down, leaving holes through which the enemy could easily enter.

"She got what help she could and set them up. Then the little commander repaired to the block-house, where she found the brave garrison of two, one man hiding in the corner, and the other with a lighted match in his hand.

"'What are you going to do with that match?' said Madeleine.

"'Light the powder and blow us all up,' answered the soldier.

"'You are a miserable coward!' said the girl. 'Go out of this place!'

"People are always likely to obey, in time of panic, the one person who shows resolution and coolness. The soldier did as Madeleine bade him. She then flung aside her bonnet, put on a hat and took a gun.

Her whole 'force' consisted of the above mentioned soldiers, her two brothers, aged ten and twelve, and an old man of eighty—and some women and children, who did nothing but set up a continual screaming, as soon as the firing commenced.

"'Let us fight to the death,' said brave Madeleine to her little brothers, who seem to have possessed no small share of her own courage. 'We are fighting for our country and our religion. Remember our father has taught you that gentlemen are born to shed their blood for the service of God and the king.'

"'Madeleine now placed her brothers and the soldiers at the loop-holes, where they fired at the Indians lurking and dodging about outside. The savages did not know how large the garrison was, and therefore hesitated to attack the fort; and numbers of them fell before the well-directed shots of the soldiers.

"The girl commander succeeded, after a while, in stopping the screaming of the women and children, for she was determined the enemy should perceive no sign of fear or weakness; she flew from bastion to bastion to see that every defender was doing his duty; she caused a cannon to be fired from time to time, partly to intimidate the savages, and partly in hope that the noise might convey intelligence of the situation, and bring them help.

"Thus the fight went on, day after day, and night and after night, the heroic girl keeping up her vigilant exertions so constantly that it was forty-eight hours before she caught a wink of sleep.

"For a whole week Madeleine held the fort, with no favoring circumstances but the stormy weather, which prevented the Indians from setting fire to her wooden defences. At the end of that time reinforcements came down the river and 'raised the siege.'"

Puck's Indian Home.

It is not always the costliest home that is the happiest. Now, take the Indian wigwam. It doesn't contain the luxuries of the bank-president's home. All the carpet is an odd rope or two; the luxurious arm-chair is the ground, and there is no *bric-a-brac* except a scalp or two. Yet the Indian is happy. There is not a shadow to dim the pure old-gold sunshine of his wild life. He sees the smoke curl softly upward from under the kettle that contains his meal, and float away through the rustling needles of the pine.

This picture makes his happiness complete, as he lies on the ground calmly smoking and watching his wife do all the work. It is no wonder the Indian likes home, because that is the place where he never has anything to do but sit around and sleep. When he comes in from the hunt he is never sent off to the village to have some cretonne matched, or told to sit and hold three or four hanks of yarn that are to be wound; he doesn't have to take care of the pappoose while his squaw goes out shopping; he doesn't have to stand on a barrel and build up the obstinate stove-pipe section by section, with the soot pouring down in his eyes. He isn't asked what every woman he met had on, and is consequently not blown up for not having noticed.

Think what a happy home the Indian has, when you come to consider that his wife doesn't wear silk dresses, or twenty dollar bonnets, or care anything about the opera, or horses and carriages. Why, the squaw is perfectly happy in a blouse and a pair of army trousers. The noble woman makes every sacrifice to render her husband happy. He never knows what it is to be kept awake half the night to be talked into making some frivolous and unnecessary purchase, or to learn that the squaw in the next wigwam possesses something that he does not. These are some of the things that tend to make the Indian's home happy.

Hot, dry flannels applied as hot as possible for neuralgia.

James Gordon Bennett's Yacht.

Some acquaintances of mine—a dozen of them—says a writer—took a trip up the river awhile ago on a little steam yacht. Coming down, they discovered the Namouna lying in the harbor, breathing lightly.

"Hello!" exclaimed one, "here's Bennet's yacht; he's in Europe; let's see if we can't get aboard!"

So they steamed alongside, saluted an officer on the deck and asked if they could be allowed to inspect the vessel. After a little parleying they were allowed on board, and the officer, apparently the head steward, showed them around.

They were in a picnic mood and they laughingly criticised everything they saw. "By George! he doesn't show such bad taste!" exclaimed the leader, as they went through his private cabin. "Wouldn't object to dwelling right here myself," said a little gypsy with her hat tipped down to her nose and her nose tipped vise versa. "Here's where he gets himself up! See! Here's the pomatum he puts on his moustache to make it stick out! And here's some powder—ha? ha? hei he!—oh, my!"

"O, here's a little mite of a pair of slippers lined with pink!" shouted another girl, at which they all pulled down their mouths and looked sober.

"You mustn't mind what the girls say, stewart—we're on a lark," said one of the gentlemen, slipping into the steward's hand a half dollar.

"Oh, all right, sir," said the steward respectfully.

"What do they pad the walls so for?" asked a bright-eyed lady; "they're upholstered just like a sofa."

"To make 'em soft when Bennett occupies 'em!" exclaimed a youth in explanation, and they all greeted the remark with a laugh.

"Oh, girls!" cried another, gleefully, "Hark! Here's a nargillah; I'll take a smoke. I s'pose he has had his mouth on it—never mind;" and she put the stem to her lips and coughed violently thereafter. She wiped it off demurely and said: "I'm afraid he'll track me."

"Oh! Here's his closet," cried another; "dressing gowns—three, four, and more slippers, a whole row of 'em; why, he must be a centipede!—but they are full-grown," and they laughed and ran.

"Steward, who is the captain of the Namouna now?" asked the leader, wishing to show his interest in so fine a vessel.

"There is no captain," said the steward. "We have a sailing master and commander,"

"Oh, yes; who is the commander?"

"I am."

"Oh! Ah! Indeed! What name, please?"

"James Gordon Bennett—but don't you tell!"

Baby Insurance.

"You see, if I don't prove she is dead I won't get the insurance. It is necessary for me to get the certificate of the doctor who tended her."

Thus spoke a plainly-dressed old lady who called at the health office. She was the proprietor of a baby boarding-house and was in search of the certificate of the death of an infant that had been under her charge.

"The child's mother brought it to me," she said, "and I kept it a long time. The woman failed to pay the board until she had got into my debt about $19. One day I went to the store after a loaf of bread, and while I was gone the mother came and took the child away. It has since died, and she is trying to keep me from knowing where its death occurred in order to keep me out of the insurance. If I would get that, however, it would nearly pay me for the child's board."

As she finished speaking the woman took on her lap a neatly-dressed child which accompanied her, saying:

"This is one of my boarders."

"How much do you charge a week to care for the babies?" was asked of her.

"Two dollars," was the reply, "and I do all their washing."

"Are they mostly the children of working women?"

"No, not at all. The little one that died was the daughter of a woman who never married, and she brought it to me to board."

"You spoke about insurance. Why do you insure them?"

"So that when they die on my hands I can give them a decent burial. Now, the little one taken away was about a year and a half old, and the insurance on it amouted to over $18. It costs only 5 cents a week to insure a baby, and the amount to be realized on its death varies with the age of the child."

Further investigation showed that there is an agency in Cleveland at which baby insurance is one of the branches of business. Circulars are issued by the agent showing the immense profits made on a small investment. Lists are published of the children insured in Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dayton, and other cities. There can be no doubt that the insurance business combined with the boarding-house is a most profitable enterprise.

The Ladies' Legion.

There are at present seventeen women in France who have received the distinction of the Legion of Honor. The order is mostly conferred for devotion to the sick and wounded. Two French ladies, however, gained the distinction in other ways—one for "resisting the mob," another for defending her husband's (the Mayor's) house against armed men. It was last bestowed on Mme. St. Julien, Superior of a sisterhood, after thirty years' service at the Marseilles Military Hospital.

Railroad Trains.

English practical science demonstrates that reversing an engine on a railroad train has scarcely a perceptible effect in checking it, the main reliance must be upon the brakes. In one case where the engine was reversed a quarter of a mile from the station, the train passed the station at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

There are men who love only themselves; and these are men of hatred, for to love one's self alone is to hate others.

In 1820 two hills of an area of about 800 acres, of almost no agricultural value, on the property of Lord Cawdor, in Scotland, were planted with fir and other trees, and, after successive thinnings, the sale of which realized large sums, the remainder of the wood was sold off for the sum of £16 000. The sums realized for the wood on this waste land during the fifty years is stated to be equal per acre to the return from the best arable land in the country.

Best Goods are Put in Smallest Parcels.

The old proverb is certainly true in the case of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are little, sugar-wrapped parcels, scarcely larger than mustard seeds, containing as much cathartic power as is done up in the biggest, most repulsive-looking pill. Unlike the big pills, however, they are mild and pleasant in their operation—do not produce griping pains, nor render the bowels costive after using.

ERASTUS WIMAN, the Canadian financier who lives on Staten Island, has given two handsome public bath houses to Toronto which are situated on either side of the Bay and labelled in bold letters, "Wiman's Baths." The other day as the British Association excursion was sailing into that city one of the scientists discovered the signs.

"Ah," said he, turning to a friend, "I told you the Americans were an uneducated lot."

"Why so?" returned the other in amazement.

"Don't you see those signs there? What an atrocious way to spell 'women's?'"

Woman's Face.

"What furniture can give such finish to a room, as a tender woman's face," asks George Elliott. Not any, we are happy to answer, provided the glow of health tempers the tender expression. The pale, anxious, bloodless face of the consumptive, or the evident sufferings of the dyspeptic, induce feelings of sorrow and grief on our part and compel us to tell them of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," the sovereign remedy for consumption and other diseases of the respiratory system as well as dyspepsia and other digestive troubles. Sold everywhere.

Globules of fat occur in many mollusks and insects, but true adipose tissue is found only in back-boned animals, particularly the herbivorous. In the average man it constitutes about one-twentieth part of his weight. The fat of animals has the different names of oil, lard, tallow, suet and spermaceti. It is a reserve of nutriment in excess of consumption, serving also a packing material and as a protection against cold.

* * * * Delicate diseases of either sex, however induced, radically cured. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

PRETTY tidies for the dining-room buffet are made of coarse Italian lace in the form of palm leaves, and are lined with dark green or crimson sateen.

Do You Want to Buy a Dog?

Send for Dog Buyers' Guide, 100 pages, engravings of all breeds, colored plate, prices of dogs and where to buy them. Mailed for 15c. Associated Fanciers, 237 S. 8th St. Phila.

Beware of the man or woman who assumes perfection.

Pretty Women.

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity. Don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

Falsehood is in a hurry; it may be at any moment detected and punished. Truth is calm, serene—its judgment is on high.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility, in their various forms; also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya" made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

Patience strengthens the spirit, sweetens temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride, bridles the tongue, restrains the hand, and tramples upon temptations.

For Throat Diseases, Coughs, Colds etc., effectual relief is found in the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Price 25 cts. Sold only in boxes.

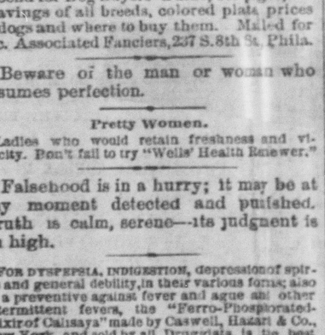
This is the law of benefits between men: The one ought to forget at once what he has given, and the other ought never to forget what he has received.

"Rough on Toothache."

Instant relief for neuralgia, toothache, faceache. Ask for "Rough on Toothache." 15&25c.

A right mind and a generous affection have more beauty and charms than all the other symmetries in the world besides.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED



STOMACH BITTERS

in cases of dyspepsia, debility, rheumatism, fever and ague, liver complaint, inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, constipation and other organic maladies, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a tried remedy, to which the medical brotherhood have lent their professional sanction, and which as a tonic, alterative and household specific for disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels has an unbounded popularity.

For sale by Druggists and Dealers, to whom apply for Hostetter's Almanac for 1885.

PILES "Anakesis" gives INSTANT RELIEF, and is an INFALLIBLE CURE for PILES. Price $1, at druggists, or sent prepaid by mail. Samples FREE. Address, "ANAKESIS" Makers, BOX 2416, NEW YORK.

DYSPEPSIA

Causes its victims to be miserable, hopeless, confused, and depressed in mind, very irritable, languid, and drowsy. It is a disease which does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven just the required remedy in hundreds of cases.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia, from which I have suffered two years. I tried many other medicines, but none proved so satisfactory as Hood's Sarsaparilla." THOMAS COOK, Brush Electric Light Co., New York City.

Sick Headache

"For the past two years I have been afflicted with severe headaches and dyspepsia. I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have found great relief. I cheerfully recommend it to all." MRS. E. F. ANNABLE, New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. Mary C. Smith, Cambridgeport, Mass., was a sufferer from dyspepsia and sick headache. She took Hood's Sarsaparilla and found it the best remedy she ever used.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

OLD EDITOR—"Well, well; that's a new wrinkle."

New Editor—"What is?"

Old Editor—"That new sign over your door: 'No one allowed to enter during business hours.'"

New Editor—"What's the matter with it?"

Old Editor—"Oh, nothing! nothing! Only I don't see the need of that precaution. Guess you're not troubled much with visitors, eh?'

New Editor—"Indeed, I am."

Old Editor—"Strange. What kind of visitors."

New Editor—"Bill collectors."

MESSRS. MASON & HAMLIN bid fair to become as famous for their Upright Pianos as they have long been for their world-renowned Cabinet Organs. Having experimented several years at great expense, and with the assistance of probably as able a corps of experts as can be found in any factory in the world, they have succeeded in producing a piano which has elicited the warmest encomiums from the best judges. The distinguishing feature about it is an important improvement in the method of "stringing" the piano, which originated in their own factory. The strings are secured by metalic fastenings, instead of the friction of pins set in wood, as has been the case, and the advantages resulting are numerous and highly important; among them are the following: Wonderful beauty and musical quality of tone, far less liability of getting out of tune, greater reliability in trying climates, and greater solidity of construction and durability. Mason & Hamlin have made 150,000 organs. They can hardly expect to make as many pianos, but they will doubtless be called upon to make a very large number.—*Boston Traveller.*

TO COOK PORK TENDERLOINS.—Take two tenderloins and stuff between them turkey stuffing, mashed potatoes and sweet marjoram, tie strongly together, and roast with a piece of larding pork on top. Spare ribs stuffed in the same way and roasted are delicious eating for those who like pork.

Dairymen Prefer It.

MESSRS. WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co.:

Since the introduction of your improved Butter Color among my customers it has given universal satisfaction. The leading dairymen of this section who have used it give it the preference over all other colors, of whatever name or nature.

They are especially pleased with the fact that it does not become rancid, like other oil colors and their product brings highest prices in market.

W. S. NAY, Druggist.
UNDERHILL, VT., April 5, 1882.

CANNED PEACHES are good with tapioca. Soak half a pint of tapioca in cold water for two hours, then let it boil gently until it softens, slice canned peaches and put in a pudding dish, and pour the tapioca over them. Bake until the tapioca is perfectly tender; serve with sugar and cream. Evaporated peaches may be used for this dish.

Carbo-lines.

On every banner blazon bright,
The motto strong for which we fight,
Of all the oils that e'er were seen,
There's none that beats *our* Carboline.

THE cowboy's cure for snoring is unique and effectual if not soothing. On the Utah & Northern last Sunday a 200-pound man lay snoring on two facing seats. His roar had been heard to the discomfort of a car full all the afternoon, At about 4 P. M. a cowboy got on at one of the canyon stations. He heard the foghorn with evident impatience for about half an hour or so, when he stepped up to the sleeper and said:

"Say, stranger, stop that ar snort or you'll get fired."

The cowboy was not large, but he was full of guns and there was business in his eye. The big man said nothing, but lay still, and his sleep, if he slept, was as quiet as the slumber of infancy.

Life Preserver.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

TO GREEN PICKLES SAFELY.—The easiest way at this time of the year is to steep them, not boil, in strong ginger water, made by boiling the root. Keep them warm in this for half a day by putting the stone jar in a hot place. When vine leaves are fresh and green, alternate layers of leaves and pickles, steeped in any kettle that is not brass or copper, should give the right color. You may also try the large green outer leaves of the cabbage. Whichever you use of the three, put a teaspoonful of powdered alum to every quart of them. For pickling use good cider vinegar and water, equal parts. Heat this three times a day and pour over them, keeping them closely covered with vine or cabbage leaves while the vinegar is heating. Drop a small piece of alum into each stone jar, and keep covered up closely with brown paper and flannel.

"I DON'T see why you want to marry my daughter, sir," said old Shakem to a would-be suitor for his daughter's hand.

"Because I love her, sir."

"That's no good reason. What's your business, sir?"

"I'm a director for the horse-car company."

"That'll never do. There's Smith, he's a director of the company, and he failed up last week. No poor man for my daughter, sir."

"Well, sir, I'm not a poor man. I'm not that kind of a director."

"What are you, then?"

"I'm a conductor, sir."

"Ah, that makes a difference, sir. Take her and be happy."

IT WAS a Woman's Rights meeting. The name of Mrs. Bosphorous had been presented for consideration.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said one of the womanetest kind of a Woman's Rights woman, "while I have no objections to Mrs. Bosphorous as a social companion, I do not consider her by any means a woman of sufficent determination to join this society. There are horrid rumors afloat concerning her which must be explained. The line must be drawn somewhere."

"What has she done?" asked the meeting in chorus.

"She has sewed on her husband's shirt-buttons."

"PAH," said young Jarphley, "I've got a scheme."

"Ah, wot is it, my son?" cautiously asked the father,

"To raise money—lots of it!" enthusiastically responded the Jarphleys' heir.

"How?"

"Why, you get on a horsecar and fall off and break your leg, and mah and I'll sue the company."

"It won't work, Johnnie," snappishly replied Mrs. Jarphley. "We couldn't prove that it disabled him from following his usual occupation of lying around."

BALTIMORE BELLE—"I wonder who this Nellie Jones is?'

Philadelphia Belle—"I never heard of her. Why?"

Baltimore Belle—"I see a Western paper says, 'Miss Nellie Jones is the prettiest girl in New York.'"

Philadelphia Belle—"Indeed! Let me see, Which poet was it that said something about 'damning with faint praise?'"

"WELL, and how about your marriage?"

"I have broken it off."

"You haven't, have you?"

"Yes. My intended father-in-law wanted reference."

"And so you were offended?"

"Not at all; only, as I knew he would have broken off the engagement afterwards, I preferred to have the start of him, and broke it off myself. It's more dignified you know."

JONES—"I see that the Australians have invented a machine for producing rainstorms. What in the world can that be?"

Smith—"Simple as A B C. The machine is nothing but an ordinary umbrella."

Jones—"An umbrella! Nonsense. How can an umbrella produce rainstorms?"

"By leaving it at home."

A LOVER'S alarm clock has been brought out to refresh the memories of those happy couples who are too much absorbed by each other to notice the sleepiness of their relatives. As the clock strikes ten p. m. two little doors open, and a small man, attired in dressing gown and cap, glides out, holding in his hand a card with the inscription, "Good night," a hint which rarely fails to be understood

"You are an early riser, are you?" said Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Jones. "No, the reason is I cannot wake up John before noon. I have tried the clock alarm, blank cartridges, and bell-ringing, but he sleeps like a dead man." "You ought to try the plan I use on my husband," said Mrs. Brown. "How is that?" "Pull a cork out of a beer bottle and he will spring right out on the floor."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

"MAC, I've been reading a summary of mortuary statistics for the past half year, and this thing bothers me. It seems that the death rate is very much greater among the young than among the adults. Now, why should it be that more die young?" "Well," answered M'Glue, in an off hand way, "I guess it is because more are born young."

YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich, offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young and old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health and vigor guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

MIND YOUR STOPS.—A widow, intending to succeed her husband in the management of a hotel, advertised that "The hotel will be kept by the widow of the former landlord, Mr. Brown, who died last summer on a new and improved plan."

DR. KLINE'S Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Rough on Itch."

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

A LOVELY screen in a kind of silver cloth had a flight of swallows skimming over its surface. These were of the embossed Japanese embroidery.

ST. JACOBS OIL

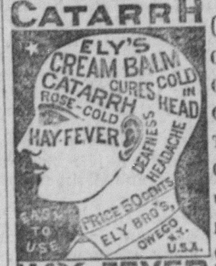
THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO. Successors to A. VOGELER & CO. Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

CATARRH



HAY-FEVER

ELY'S Cream Balm

Causes no Pain. Gives Relief at Once. Thorough Treatment will Cure. Not a Liquid or Snuff. Apply into Nostrils. Give it a Trial. 50 cents at Druggists. 60 cents by mail registered. Samp's by mail 10 cents. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

CAIN

Health and Happiness.

How? DO AS OTHERS HAVE DONE.

Are your Kidneys disordered?
"Kidney Wort brought me from my grave, as it were, after I had been given up by 13 best doctors in Detroit." M. W. Deveraux, Mechanic, Ionia, Mich.

Are your nerves weak?
"Kidney Wort cured me from nervous weakness &c., after I was not expected to live."—Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin, Ed. *Christian Monitor* Cleveland, O.

Have you Bright's Disease?
"Kidney Wort cured me when my water was just like chalk and then like blood."
Frank Wilson, Peabody, Mass.

Suffering from Diabetes?
"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I have ever used. Gives almost immediate relief."
Dr. Phillip C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt.

Have you Liver Complaint?
"Kidney-Wort cured me of chronic Liver Diseases after I prayed to die."
Henry Ward, late Col. 69th Nat. Guard, N. Y.

Is your Back lame and aching?
"Kidney-Wort did better cured me when I was so lame I had to roll out of bed."
C. M. Tallmage, Milwaukee, Wis.

Have you Kidney Disease?
"Kidney-Wort made me sound in liver and kidneys after years of unsuccessful doctoring. Its worth $100 a box."—Sam'l Hodges, Williamstown, West Va.

Are you Constipated?
"Kidney-Wort causes easy evacuations and cured me after 15 years use of other medicines."
Nelson Fairchild, St. Albans, Vt.

Have you Malaria?
"Kidney-Wort has done better than any other remedy I have ever used in my practice."
Dr. H. K. Clark, South Hero, Vt.

Are you Bilious?
"Kidney-Wort has done me more good than any other remedy I have ever taken."
Mrs. J. T. Galloway, Elk Flat, Oregon.

Are you tormented with Piles?
"Kidney-Wort *permanently cured* me of bleeding piles. Dr. W. C. Kline recommended it to me."
Geo. H. Horst, Cashier M. Bank, Myerstown, Pa.

Are you Rheumatism racked?
"Kidney-Wort cured me, after I was given up to die by physicians and I had suffered thirty years."
Elbridge Malcolm, West Bath, Maine.

Ladies, are you suffering?
"Kidney-Wort cured me of peculiar troubles of several years standing. Many friends use and praise it."
Mrs. H. Lamoreaux, Isle La Motte, Vt.

If you would Banish Disease and gain Health, Take

KIDNEY-WORT

THE BLOOD CLEANSER.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR All those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

Price $1 in liquid, pill or lozenge form.

* Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify. *

* It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life. *

* It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. *

* Send stamp to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. Letters of inquiry confidentially answered. *For sale of druggists.*

$65 A MONTH & board for 3 live Young Men or Ladies in each county. Address, P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia.

VIGOR For Men. Quick, sure, safe. Book free. Civiale Agency, 160 Fulton St., New York.

YOU ARE A LIAR

Lying Agents can't SELL, and tell the truth about JONES. Put your lies on paper and sign if you dare.

U. S. STANDARD $60.5 TON WAGON SCALES.

Beam Box, Tare Beam Freight Paid. Free Price List. Every Size. address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, the successful specialist. Ease at once; no operation or delay from business; tested by hundreds of cures. 831 Arch St., Phila. Send for circular. Advice free.

DEBILITY of the Generative Organs quickly cured by the CIVIALE METHOD. Adopted in all the Hospitals of France. Prompt return of VIGOR. Simple cases, $3 to $5. Severe ones, $8 to $12. Pamphlet Free. Civiale Remedial Agency, 161 Fulton St., N. Y.

CARDS Sample Book, Premium List, Price List sent free U. S. CARD CO., Centerbrook, Conn.

LADIES PILLS OF TANSY are Perfectly Safe and always Effectual. Sealed particulars 2 cts. Wilcox Medicine Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

CONSUMPTION. I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. addr ss. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

AGENTS WANTED for the LIVES of BLAINE AND LOGAN by Col. THOS. W. KNOX. Unlike all others 100 to 1. Authorized, Authentic, Impartial, Complete, the *Best* and *Cheapest*. 600 pages $1.50. *Sells like wildfire.* 50 per cent. to Agents. Outfit Free. *Freights paid.* Send for Extra Terms, etc., to HARTFORD PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Conn.

WHEN WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE WRITE SUCH LETTERS

as these, who can doubt the efficacy of DR. SCHENCK'S Great Medicines!

IF YOU HAVE any of the premonitory symptoms of CONSUMPTION send at once for DR. SCHENCK'S BOOK. It gives a full description of all Throat and Lung Diseases, Liver Complaint [that great forerunner of Consumption] and Dyspepsia.

After reading this Book you will know what your condition is, and will be prepared to apply the proper remedies to effect a permanent cure.

IT IS SENT FREE—Post-paid, to all Applicants. Address Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, 6th and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, P

FROM AKRON, OHIO.

CONSUMPTION CURED

Akron, Ohio. Feb. 17th, 1881.

DR. J. H. SCHENCK:

Dear Sir—Having been asked by many in regard to your medicines, and the benefit I had received from them, I have concluded to give you an account of my case. In the winter of 1873 I was pronounced an incurable Consumptive by every physician of this place, as well as several in Cleveland. I had all the symptoms—cough, night sweats, great debility and loss of flesh. I was reduced in weight from one hundred and fifty pounds to eighty pounds. I had given up all hope of recovery, when I was told by Mr. James Scanlan that he had used your medicines with good effect, and he advised me to give them a trial, although I do not think he belived they would cure me, for I was so sick at this time that no one thought that I would ever get well. I thought, however, that they might give me temporary relief, and with this object I commenced to use your Pulmonic Syrup. I had not taken it two days before I felt great relief, especially in the severity of my cough. I then took the Mandrake Pills and Seaweed Tonic, and in two weeks my appetite came back, and I began to gain strength. I took your medicines for about three months. I was too sick to do any kind of work for two years. Your medicines made a perfect cure, and I have been in good health ever since. I do not know that I can say more than this, unless it be that I believe your medicines to be good, and that they will do all that you say they will do.

Yours Very Truly,
J. A. REILLY.

Jackson's, Schuylkill County, Pa.

November 11th, 1881.

DR. J. H. SCHENCK, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir—Nine years ago I was taken sick with inflammation of the lungs, which was followed by frequent hemorrhages. I was confined to my bed for seven months. After a long attendance by our best physicians, I was informed that my case was hopeless, and that one of my lungs was almost entirely gone. My husband having heard of your medicines, we resolved as a last resort, to give your Seaweed Tonic and Pulmonic Syrup a trial. The first two bottles did not seem to give much relief, but after that I began to improve, and my stomach began to retain nourishment. I got better from that time on, until after using twenty-six bottles I was cured, and have suffered no relapse since.

Yours Truly,
MRS. MARY LAWLER.

P. S.—I know of the above case, and can certify to the truth of the foregoing.
C. C. HAGENBACH, Druggist,
Mahanoy City, Pa.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DR. J. H. SCHENCK:

Dear Sir—I herewith send you an account of the wonderful cure your medicine made in my case, and should you think it worthy of publication, you are welcome to do so. I have been very sick, and was told by my physician that I would never be cured, and that I would always have trouble with my lungs. I had a very severe cough, night sweats, and great pain in the side, chest, and back. I could scarcely breathe, and I was very weak. I was advised by a friend to consult you, which I did. Under your treatment I improved rapidly, and am now enjoying perfect health. I believe your treatment saved my life. Please accept my sincere thanks for all you have done for me. I shall recommend your remedies whenever I meet any one afflicted as I was. I remain

Very Respectfully,
MARY A. EHMER,
No. 1408 Brinton St., Philad'a., Pa.
Jan. 26th, 1884.

Consumption Can be Cured.

DR. J. H. SCHENCK,
Philadelphia:

DEAR SIR—Some years ago I was taken with inflammation of the lungs, and although treated by two of the best physicians of this city, I gradually grew worse, until I had hemorrhages quite frequently. They usually occurred in the morning, and averaged fully a pint of clear blood at a time. I had night sweats every night, and my weight, which was 168 lbs. when I was first taken sick, gradually ran down to 128 lbs. My nights were almost sleepless, owing to severe pain in my breast, back and shoulders, and a continual cough. I was so sick that my physicians gave up all hope of my recovery. I then began to try medicines that I saw advertised, but without any lasting benefit. At last, by the advice of a friend, I concluded to use your medicines.

I began by using all your medicines as you direct, and in a very short time all my worst symptoms left me and I began to gain in every way. As my appetite came back I gained flesh very fast. From June to November the increase was over fifty pounds. My present weight is 174 pounds, and has been about that since my recovery several years since. I was told by my physicians that I had Consumption, and I believe myself that I had, and that your medicines cured me.

Yours Very Truly,
J. C. ELLIOTT,
Oct. 29th, 1881. Binghampton, N. Y.
P. O. Box 1912, care Barrett's Music Store.

Dr. J. H. SCHENCK

Can be Consulted, Free of Charge, at his Principal Office,

Cor. SIXTH & ARCH STREETS,

PHILADELPHIA,

Every Monday. Office Hours from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

Also at GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL, Broadway, opposite Bond Street, New York City, on the first Wednesday and Thursday of every month except August. Office hours, 10 A. M. to 3 P. M.

DR. SCHENCK'S MEDICINES:

PULMONIC SYRUP,

SEAWEED TONIC, and

MANDRAKE PILLS,

Are sold by all Druggists, and full directions for their use are printed on the wrappers of every package.

MASON & HAMLIN 100 STYLES ORGANS $22 TO $900.

HIGHEST HONORS AT ALL GREAT WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS FOR SEVENTEEN YEARS.

Only American Organs Awarded such in any.

For Cash, Easy Payments or Rented.

UPRIGHT PIANOS

presenting THE HIGHEST EXCELLENCE YET ATTAINED in such instruments; adding to all previous improvements one of greater value than any; securing most pure, refined, musical tones and increased durability; especially avoiding liability to get out of tune. Illustrated Catalogues free.

MASON & HAMLIN PIANO CO.,
Boston, 154 Tremont St.; N. York, 46 E. 14th St.; Chicago, 149 Wabash Ave.

51 399

WE WANT 1000 BOOK AGENTS for the new book THIRTY-THREE YEARS AMONG OUR WILD INDIANS

By Gen. DODGE and Gen. SHERMAN. The fastest selling book out. Indorsed by Pres't Arthur, Gen's Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and thousands of Eminent Judges, Clergymen, Editors etc., etc. It is *The Best and Finest Illustrated Indian Book Ever Published.* It takes like wildfire, and Agents sell 10 to 20 a day. 82-75,000 sold. Its *Great Authorship* and *Solid Merit* make it the *booming book for Agents.* Extra Terms, Specimen Plate, Extra Terms etc., to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES!

Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

DR. LINQUIST'S

Spinal Misses' Waist,.....$1.75
Spinal Corset,.....2.00
Spinal Nursing Corset,.....2.25
Spinal Abdominal Corset,.....2.75

Recommended by leading physicians, delivered free anywhere in the U. S. on receipt of price. Lady Agents Wanted. Dr. Linquist's Spinal Corset Co., 412 B'way, New York.

WORMS In the human body ERADICATED by using CLARK'S WORM SYRUP! INFALLIBLE An old-time remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle. FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

FITS STOPPED FREE Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored by Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $5 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send name, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Beware of Imitations. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS & FRAUDS.

SEND YOUR NAME

To C. B. SCHMIDT, Commissioner of Immigration, A. T. & S. F. R. R., Topeka, Kan., and he will send to you FREE, maps, pamphlets, etc., giving information about Lands, Stock-raising, Farming, Fruit-growing, Mining, Manufacturing, etc., in Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, California or Old Mexico, and about the splendid opportunities now offered in the Southwest.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. E. ETHERIDGE, Lebanon, Ohio.

VIRGINIA FARMS GREAT BARGAINS in lands of all kinds. Catalogue free. New Map of Va. 16c. H. L. STAPLES, Petersburg, Va.

Fast Potato Digging

THE MONARCH POTATO DIGGER

Saves its cost yearly. FIVE TIMES OVER, to every farmer. Guaranteed to Dig Six Hundred Bushels a Day!

SENT ON 60 Days' Test Trial. Agents Wanted.

Write postal card for FREE elegantly illustrated Catalogue, in Six Brilliant Colors, that cost us $5000 to publish.

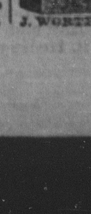
Monarch Manufacturing Co., 206 State St., CHICAGO, ILL.

R. U. AWARE THAT Lorillard's Climax Plug bearing a red tin tag; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf Fine cuts; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

Pennsylvania Agricultural Works, York, Pa.

Address A. B. FARQUHAR, York, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED for the MISSOURI STEAM WASHER!



It will pay any energetic man or woman seeking profitable employment to engage in selling this Universal Washer. Send for Illustrated Circular and terms to Agents for this Universal Washer which by reason of its intrinsic merit is meeting with such wonderful success. J. WORTH, CHICAGO, ILL., or ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., JAN., 7, 1885.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 2 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

1884. — 1885.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

——THE "SUPPLY DEPOT,"——

SPRING MILLS, PA.,

In HOLIDAY ATTIRE, will repay a visit.

COME Early and Avoid the Rush.

G. R. SPIGELMYER.

December 15, '84.

Garmans.

Artistic Stamping, at low prices, and during Dec. all handkerchiefs bought of us will be stamped free of charge. Plush Petals for making flowers in relief as used in decorative art needle work. All the materials used for Embroidery and fancy work, Tinsel Cord, Chenille, Arasene, fine Coin Purses, Toilet sets in Russia Leather and Plush Bronze goods, now just the thing for presents. Ash Receivers, Bronze Placques, Mirrors, etc. In Zephyrs and yarns we carry a magnificent line. In Seal Caps, for men and boys, our line is large. In Handkerchiefs we start at 3 cents; most popular linen will sell at 12½ cents; Ladies' colored border usual price, 25 cents. We only ask you to call and we are positive you will not regret it.

D. GARMAN & SON.

BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte,* 1884.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Fur caps, muffs, capes—Garmans. 10

Every kind of stamping—Garmans. 10

——Rain on Monday night and Tuesday.

Ladies Plush garments made to order at the Bee Hive.

——Deer hunting is over, but *dear* hunting continues lively as ever.

Misses' and children's coats, 2 to 16 years, from $1½ up at the Bee Hive.

——Elias Confer and Jerry Rishel, citizens of Gregg, favored us with a call.

If you want to save money on bed blankets and haps, go to the Bee Hive.

——Mr. Benj. Breon, of Gregg, favored our sanctum with a call and a pleasant chat.

——Rev. S. G. Shannon, of Watsontown, has been elected pastor of Sunbury church.

An extra discount of 10 to 20 per cent. on all ladies' and children's coats, at the Bee Hive.

——John Grove in another column offers a number of desirable properties at public sale.

☞An extra discount of 10 to 20 per cent. on all ladies' and children's coats, at the Bee Hive.

—Wm. Pealer has opened a new store in the old Duncan store-room at Spring Mills.

——Prices reduced on all kinds of goods. Call and examine—J. D. Long, Spring Mills. 2

Finest display of holiday goods ever shown in Centre county, now opened at the BeeHive.

——Mr. David Kerr, one of the most useful farmers, of the other side of the valley, gave our sanctum a call.

——Our black silk at 76cts, $1, $1.10 $1.25 are 40 per cent under value. Greatest bargain at Bee Hive.

——Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday of last week were quite cold and added greatly to the ice crop.

——A sooJen cough of the engine, on Monday, made a laughable mix with Harry Dinges' team, at the station:

——Eight or ten houses are wanted just now at Centre Hall,—who will build them? a good investment to any one.

——Dan'l Wieland, Sup't of the Linden Hall grain house, made a flying visit by rail to our "Hall" on Monday, full of business.

——Mr. Bumiller, of the Millheim *Journal*, gave the "Reporter" a call. He looks capital and fresh like a lark in the morning.

——Wm. Farner, of near Tussyville, killed a hog which dressed 448 pounds. That part of the United States is ahead so far as returns are in.

——Headquarters for clothing, boots and shoes, at J. D. Long's, Spring Mills. Goods sold cheap. Examine their stock before purchasing elsewhere. 2

—Mr. Miess has moved his big traction engine on the "Allen" farm, in the Loop, where he will have it commit havoc with Krumrine's lumber tract.

——If any of our present subscribers will club with a new one, both can get the Reporter and the New York Weekly World for $2.25 each, one year, pay in advance. 3m

——A public instalation of officers-elect of Capt. J. O. Campbell Post, No. 272, G. A. R., was held in their hall, in Pine Grove Mills, Friday evening, January 2.

——The January number of "Our Little Ones," is so pretty that it will add additional pleasure to its little readers. Published monthly by the Russell Pub. Co., Boston.

——John Bower has purchased Howard Homan's house and lot, at Aaronsburg, for $1000. Mr. Homan intends purchasing a lot at Centre Hall and will erect a house and shop on it. He is a good carpenter.

☞The Reporter and the New York Weekly World, to three new subscribers, clubbing with one of our present subscribers, at $2.35 per year in advance.

——Our young friend Long, merchant at Spring Mills, in company with Mr. Miller, recently from the west, and a son of Chas. Miller, favored the Reporter with a call.

——Parties who wish to bid on digging ditch and laying pipe for Centre Hall water company will find particulars in advertising column, and change of date to Jan. 16.

——A festival for the benefit of the M. E. Church, at Spring Mills, will be held in the church, on evenings of 21, 22 and 23 inst. Supper will be given, also ice-cream, oysters, etc.

——Edward Chambers, J. C. Meyers and Henry Keller have been admitted to the Centre county bar. All young men of talent and promise—each one having stood a creditable examination.

——Pennsvalley again adds a member to the Centre county bar in the person of J. C. Meyer, who will no doubt make his mark at the bar. A promising future is before our young friend Cal.

——The Co. Institute was a success, and a credit to Sup't Wolf, who knows how to get up a program and carry it out. Other engagements prevented us from being present, much to our regret.

——R. M. Magee, of Bellefonte, who is a well known and active worker for the Brooklyn Life Insurance Co., is mourning the loss of a bright and interesting little daughter, who died of brain fever some days ago.

——Our old friend, George Gross, esq., of New Berlin, years ago merchant at Rebersburg, gave the "Reporter" a call. Mr. Gross is an unswerving Democrat and as genial a man as one could wish to chat with.

——Esq. Boal's office was burglarized, Saturday night, 27 ult. He entered by unlocking the door, and stole the change in the drawer, amounting to about $4.50. There was nothing else missing. The thief locked the door again on his departure.

——Our venerable friend, Alex. Kerr, gave us a call. Mr. Kerr is one of Potter township's old residenters—an old land-mark—and we are pleased to find him still well preserved. A truer man and citizen never breathed; may he be spared many years.

——A farmer wants to know of us what phosphate is made of. Some is made of sifted coal-ashes, purchased at 10 cents per bushel. To this is added a strong, disagreeable smelling ingredient, and then the name is changed from coal-ashes to phosphate.

——By clubbing with the REPORTER you get the "New York Weekly World" and the REPORTER for $2.25 per year. The best bargain ever offered to new subscribers and old ones who pay in advance. The terms apply to any new names sent in by one of our present patrons. tf

——Wm. Curry has moved his shoemaker shop to the building in the rear of the bank, where he will be happy at all times to fill orders in new boots and shoes, and repairs, and render the utmost satisfaction. Work always first-class. 3

——The Bellefonte "News" is informed that the works at Scotia ore mines have closed, throwing more than one hundred men out of employment. The managers of the Tow Hill mines are obliged to make reduction in wages or close permanently.

——The holidays being over, if you have not supplied yourself with a new suit or a new, comfortable overcoat, then bear in minu that prices have been again knocked down at the Philad. Branch, and you can rig yourself out, fit to go to the wedding of a prince, for almost nothing.

——Wm. Pealer has just opened a new stock of general merchandise in R. H. Duncan's store-room, at Spring Mills. He has all new goods; all fresh and seasonable, and of the latest styles. He is selling at bottom prices. Give him a trial and you will be sure to be a regular customer. He takes produce in exchange for goods.

——The New Year opens bright. Keep your head cool, and your feet warm by buying your boots and shoes of A. C. Mingle, who has the best assortment in Bellefonte, and sells lower than you can bargain for elsewhere. You are never deceived in goods purchased at Mingle's shoe-store.

——Prices on all ready-made clothing reduced at the Philad. Branch since the holidays. Splendid bargains. Don't miss a chance to save $10 to $12. Goods first class, and anything needed to clothe man or boy. Lewins & Co. are decidedly the leaders in low prices for ready-made clothing.

——E. C. Humes made a clean $100,000 out of coal and lumber territory in Jefferson county. That was the biggest Christmas gift that fell to any one in our county. Ours only came within $99.50 of being as large. The rest seemed to have slipped over to Mr. Humes, somehow.

——Dinges, Trumpfheller & Co., at Coburn, intend doing a strictly cash business. That's what all business men should try to establish, it would be better all around—for the merchant and *customers*. It is a principle that should be laid down by others of other trades and occupations.

——All singers are invited to attend the musical convention at Aaronsburg, which began Jan. 6, p. m. A large attendance is expected. Prof. Weaver is known as a successful conductor. The proceeds for the benefit of the new church. Free entertainment to all singers; books free.

——The Philadelphia *Times'* adv. is published in another column. It is the freshest and liveliest of the city journals and a favorite everywhere. Large and full of news and other good reading matter, with sparkling editorials on all public topics, place the *Times* among the best.

If you want the two papers, the REPORTER and the "New York Weekly World," for one year at $2.50, you can have the two by sending us the $2.50 in advance and a new name with $2.50, to which the two papers will also be sent. This is a big bargain, and we are only able to carry it out upon the above plan. tf

——Our new Sheriff, Miles Walker, has put his sweetheart to jail—much to her delight, no doubt, for we learn that he got married. The fortunate lady is Miss Powers, of Bellefonte, one of the finest and best daughters of the county seat, a daughter of our old friend, ex-Mayor Powers. The Sheriff and his bride have the REPORTER's warmest congratulations, and we trust a three year's term in *jail* will be one honey-moon.

——Chas. Arney has the thanks of the editor for two fat and plump rabbits. Charley is the most successful rabbit hunter in these parts and has killed upwards of 50 this season—half dozen being a common bagging for a morning's hunt. He also captured a *dear*, recently, and is now one of the happiest men in all this section.

——Go to Murray's Drug Store, Centre Hall, for your Chtistmas and Birthday cards, also toys for your children. A full line of drugs and medicines kept in stock. Any drug or medicine not found on hand will be got for you inside of 48 hours from the time you leave your order. J. D. MURRAY.

——A western subscriber tauntingly asks us whether we thought Centre Hall would be as big a town as New York. We tell our western joker that in one respect Centre Hall is bigger than New York and "old Grant" taken together, that is, in point of territory. Our plot extends 13 miles east, 10 miles west and 5 miles north and south. New York can not boast of such a field, and the only difference now is, New York has the folks and we have the land.

——Centre Hall will soon have a steam roller flouring mill. Work was begun on digging the foundation last week, and the enterprize will be pushed to completion as rapidly as possible. The mill will be located near the railroad station to the west of Grenoble's grain house. Its capacity will be 70 barrels per day, with a 40 horse power engine. It will be the first complete roller mill in the county as far as we know, and all the machinery first class.

——We hear of parties having inclinations to plant new enterprises here. Give them every encouragement, and keep down any disposition of jealousy to new ones as well as to present ones. All are interested in the growth of the town. Work is thus given to the mechanic and laborer and trade to our merchants and shop-keepers. Every community has its share of persons who will discourage any thing that is not for their exclusive benefit, but we must learn not to heed such. They always kill a town if their selfishness prevails.

——The inauguration of Cleveland will make a demand for good, first class, fresh and pure family groceries, and it will not be a surprise if all Washington people send their orders to Sechlers for that kind of goods. Stranger things have happened, and it is known all over the world, even out in Clearfield county, that Sechlers take the lead for groceries, and that you can't do better anywhere. They keep all you want in their line, and never allow an article to go out that is unfit to go on the table. This is what many grocers are not careful enough to do.

——On Saturday evening, Dec. 27, a number of persons on invitation assembled at the house of Mr. John Rishel, of this place, the occasion being a surprise birthday party for his daughter, Maggie. The evening was spent in game and conversation, interrupted only when the guests were served with tempting refreshments, prepared by Mrs. Rishel and her niece, Miss Florence Orwig. Miss maggie was made the recipient of a number of handsome and valuable presents. This time the ice-cream was carefully guarded and the guests partook of it instead of the uninvited.

BOB-SLEDS, on hand and for sale cheaper than elsewhere, made of best material, same also made to order on short notice, ta the shops of J. B. Ream & Son, Farmers Mills. 22oct2m

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—A 2-story dwelling house and lot, nearly new, corner lot, with good stable, fruit and water, on Church street, for sale. Apply at this office. 3dec3m

HOMESTEAD FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers a desirable homestead for sale, consisting of 36 acres of land of which 25 acres are good young timber. Thereon a plank-frame House, Bank Barn, with other outbuildings, choice fruit and excellent water. Adjoins the VanValzah farm 1½ m. west of Centre Hall. 17dec6t WM. HOENER.

MARRIED.

On Dec. 23, by Rev. Z. A. Yearick, at Aaronsburg, Mr. Geo. S. Weaver, and Miss Sallie E. Bair, both of Farmers Mills.

On Dec. 28, by the same, at same place, Mr. Samuel Ebert, of Coburn, and Miss Amelia Hoover, of Mifflinburg.

On Dec. 25, by Rev. W. H. Groh, Mr. Thomas F. Meyer and Miss Minnie C. Garbrick, both of Linden Hall.

On January 1, by Rev. F. Aurand, Elmer E. Miller and Miss Jennie Weaver, both of Kreamerville, Centre county.

On Dec. 23, at the residence of Mr. C. J. Piper, in Tabor, Iowa, Mr. A. G. McCormick and Miss Emma Hatch, Rev. J. W. Cowan officiating.

On Sep. 18, by Rev. G. W. Currin, in Centre Hall, James F. Snyder and Miss A. L. Snyder, both of Boalsburg.

On Sep. 23, at same place, by the same, W. H. Ficker, of Zeigiervilie, Mifflin county, and Miss Alice A. Wagner, of Tusseyville.

On Dec. 18, at the residence of W. Henney, at Centre Hall, by the same, Mr. James H. Lohr, of Centre Hall, and Miss Annie J. Welsh, of Carlisle, Cumberland county.

DIED.

Mrs. Anna Maria Hosterman, who lived with Geo. Stover, below Aaronsburg, on Dec. 28, aged 73 years, 2 months, 2 days.

On Jan. 5, in Centre Hall, Charley Floid Currin, son of S. T. and Birdie C. Lobaugh, of Williamsport, Pa., aged 6 months, 10 days.

LOCK HAVEN MARKET.

New potatoes, 50c; butter, 28c to 30c; young chickens, per pair, 65c; beans, per peck, 20c; eggs, 28c; beef, 8 to 10c; veal, 7 to 9c; fish, per pound, 10c; onions, per bu., 50c; cabbage, per head, 5c; apple butter, per qt., 15c; bacon, 12c; lard, 13c; apples, $1.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$ 75
White & Mixed	72
Rye	55
Corn, shelled, and ears old	70
Oats	30
Buckwheat	50
Barley	45
Cloverseed	5 50
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	6 50

Butter, 22; tallow, 6; lard, 9; ham, 15; shoulde 10; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 24 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL—Egg, 4.75; Chestnut, 4.5; Stove, 5.00

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

26dec1tf

LIST OF JURORS.—The following is the list of jurors drawn for the Jan'y term:

Grand Jurors—Fourth Monday.

Sam'l Gingerich, Worth	J Alexander, Unionville
Wm. Ishler, Benner	J W Smith, Howard bor
Thomas Davis, Ferguson	L C Bullick, Huston
Daniel Lutz, Spring	Chas. Murray, "
Josiah Johnson, Walker	Wm. Hutton, Rush
David Ulrich, Penn	J A Aikens, Bellefonte
Robert Strunk, Marion	Alex McDonald, Huston
G A Bayard, Bellefonte	John C Bible, Potter
Em. Cronemiller, Haines	Felix Dale, College
Noah Leitzel, Haines	E H Marshall, Patton
J Gorton, Philipsburg	Peter Lauck, Ferguson
John S Homan, Haines	D L Decker, Potter

Traverse Jurors—Fourth Monday.

Sol Candy, Howard	H B Meyer, Benner
Andrew Lytle, College	D M Berlew, Liberty
Amos Garbrick, Spring	Ben Limbert, Gregg
H L Harvey, Boggs	L C Buffington, Milesb'g
Charles More, Harris	C F Richards, Bellefonte
James Hull, Walker	John Hite, College
A Harpster, Ferguson	Oscar Peters, Union
R F Hall, Union	J Brackbille, Bellefonte
S W Barefoot, Potter	M Gowland, Philipsburg
Foster Jordan, Spring	Wm. Moon, Liberty
S H Bailey, Harris	Sam'l Green, Haines
Milton Leyman, Boggs	Cal Bathgate, College
Cyrus Callahan, Union	A T Gray, Halfmoon
John Spade, Marion	J Meyers, Harris
John Dubbs, Spring	W H Wigton, Philipsb'g
J J Orndorf, Haines	J B Roan, Benner
J H Harper, Bellefonte	Dan'l Roush, Miles
Thos. Taylor, "	J J Gramley, Walker
D H Musser, Millheim	Benj Kerstetter, Penn
L J Bing, Unionville	Wm H Wagner, Boggs
J Gohecn, Ferguson	James Gilliland, College
W F Fitzgrald, Bellef.	Henry Weavel, Liberty
J Johnstonbaugh, Coll'ge	J W Collins, Rush
David Lohr, Gregg	Thos Dunkle, Walker

Traverse Jurors—1st Monday of Febr'y.

F Nelson, Philipsburg	H J Rothrock, Spring
J H Lee, Potter	Jac H Wyle, Haines
Abert Lucas, Howard	Orin Vail, Rush
Wm J Speer, Bellefonte	C C Roup, Union
Wm Alkey, Spring	H J Derr, Bellefonte
H D Showers, Walker	A W Rees, Worth
Geo Funk, Rush	S S Crissman, Philipsb'g
J H Fishburn, Benner	M Gill, Snow Shoe
J B Kreamer, Miles	Aaron R Hall, Union
Ed Barrey, Howard	Henry Meyer, Miles
Philip Gross, Bellefonte	R H Wilson, Marion
Jer Sweeney, Spring	A H Smith, Philipsburg
David Campbell, Harris	E P Barton, Unionville
Jno L Musser, Ferguson	Geo Wister, Howard
B F Keister, Millheim	J W Hazel, Miles
Ged Clark, Potter	Ben Stover, "
Jas P Irvin, Bellefonte	W B Thompson, Boggs
F G Gray, Patton	

ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF A VALUABLE PROPERTY.—Will be sold at public sale at the residence of John McCool, about two miles south-east of Spring Mills, Gregg twp., on Thursday, January 29, at 1 o'clock p. m., the following real estate of Jacob McCool.

No. 1. A tract of land, known as the Emeline Rishel farm, in Gregg, twp., containing 56 ACRES, with good house, good bank barn, all necessary outbuildings, good water and excellent orchard.

No. 2—A two-story plank frame House, and Lot at Witmer's siding, with stable, hog-pen, and water on lot.

No. 3—A new House and Lot about ¼ mile west of above, with stable, water and fruit. This lot contains 2 ACRES and 54 perches.

No. 4—A House and Lot at Spring Mills, with large stable. This property is all new and one of the finest at Spring Mills.

No. 5—209 ACRES, with House, bank barn, and other outbuildings, good orchard, never failing water. This is good farm land, and about 200 Acres good timber. Situate at Spring Mills.

No. 6—Containing 24 ACRES, with good House and stable, located near the Railroad, about one mile west of Spring Mills; has good water.

No. 7—Containing 7 ACRES, adjoining above on the west, all clear of timber.

Sale at 1 o'clock, when terms will be made known by JOHN GROVE, Assignee.

LETTING.—Proposals will be received until January 8, for material and erecting a frame building, 35x52, height 52 feet, and 20x25, at Centre Hall. For plans and specifications apply to FRED'K KURTZ, Centre Hall, Pa.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—Pursuant to an order of the Orphan's Court, of Centre County, there will be sold at public sale, near Tusseyville, Centre county, Pa., on FRIDAY, JAN. 23, 1885, at 10 a. m., an elegant FARM RESIDENCE, late the property of Hon. John K. Runkle, dec'd. The same being a tract of land containing about 79 ACRES, more or less, and in a high state of cultivation. The farm is one of the best producing in Penns Valley. There are about 10 ACRES of good Timber Land adjoining it, which will be sold with the farm. There are Two Good Orchards, one just beginning to bear. Good well and cistern water at the door. But one mile to a church, school-house and post office. As a farm residence, for location, convenience and comfort, it is unsurpassed by any in the county. Terms of Sale—⅓ of purchase money on confirmation of sale, and balance on two equal annual payments, with interest, secured by bond and mortgage on premises.

Spangler & Hewes, Att'ys for Estate. LUCINDA RUNKLE, Administratrix.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of Michael Ulrich, late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

7jan6t GEO. GROSSMAN, Executor, Tussyville, Pa.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.—Estate of Jacob Smith, late of Potter twp., dec'd, by virtue of an order issued out of the Orphans' Court of Centre County, there will be sold at the Court House, in Bellefonte, on SATURDAY, JAN. 10, 1885, at 2 p. m., a tract of land situate in Potter twp., Centre Co., Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stone heap, thence by lands formerly of J. Moran south 35½° east 50 perches to stones, thence by lands of John Neff north 55¼° east 54½ perches to stones, thence by residue of tract north 35½° west 54½ perches to a chestnut oak, thence by mountain south 55¼° west 54½ perches to the place of beginning, containing 18 ACRES and 4 perches and a special allowance of three per cent. for roads. The improvements are a good frame House, Stable and other outbuildings.

Terms—One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on confirmation of sale; ⅓ in 1 year, and the balance in two years. The deferred payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises, and to bear interest from the date of confirmation of sale. C. DALE, Jr., Administrator,

TO BUILDERS.

PROPOSALS for the building of the Lutheran Church to be erected at Centre Hall, will be received by the Building Committee. The building is to be brick and slated. Plans and specifications can be seen after January 5, 1885, by any desiring to put in bids.

FRED. KURTZ, Ch'm'n.
M. Derstine, Jno. T. Lee, John Spangler, *Jas. Alexander, B. Committee.*

Proposals for digging 100 to 200 rods of ditch, 3 feet deep, for the Centre Hall Water Co., will be received up to January 16, 1885. For specifications apply to the

Bids will be taken on sections of 25 rods for digging. Bids will also be taken for digging the whole. Bids will also be taken for laying the pipe, or for digging ditch and laying pipe, and taking up old pipe on part of route.

Board. FRED. KURTZ, President.
WM. WOLF, Sec'y.

NOTICE.

Mary Seltzinger by her next friend Jared I. Condo vs. Franklin Seltzinger. } In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County. Subpœna in Divorce No. 2, Apr. T., '84, No. 40, Aug. T., '84.

The undersigned a Commissioner appointed by said court to take the testimony in the above case will attend to the duties of his appointment at the residence of A. G. Runk, at Spring Mills, Centre county, Pa., on Friday, January 16, 1885, beginning at 10 o'clock a. m., when and where all persons interested may attend.

S. J. HERRING, Commissioner.

24dec4t

FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO., of Centre County, Pa.—Centre Hall, Dec. 19, 1884.—The annual meeting of the members and the election of 12 Directors to manage the affairs of the company for the ensuing year, will be held at the house of D. J. Meyer, at Centre Hall, on Monday, January 12, 1885, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 3 p. m. of said day. Members generally are requested to attend.

D. F. LUSE, Sec'y. FRED'K KURTZ, Pres't.

APPLICATION FOR LICENSE.—Notice is hereby given that the following named persons have filed their petitions for license in the office of the clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the peace in and for Centre county and that application will be made to the next sessions of said court to grant the same:

Bridget McClain	Restaurant	Philipsburg bor
O H Brady	Saloon	"
Robert Taylor	Tavern	"
Chas. W Reader	"	"
James Passmore	"	"
Henry J Walker	"	Snow Shoe twp
James Redding	"	"
James T Delong	"	Liberty twp
A B Freeman	"	"
Cook Condo	"	Miles twp
A E Graham	Eating House	Liberty twp
Chas M Heisler	"	Bellefonte bor

R. G. BRETT, Prothonotary.

KAMCHATKA.

The hills are covered with forests of fir, larch, cedar, birch, etc., and in these are found numerous wild animals, such as the fur sable, the otter, foxes of all colors, and the bear, which latter, on account of the great supply of food, attacks neither man nor the domestic animals. It is curious to note that the squirrel, which is univeral in Siberia, is not found here at all. Swans, wild ducks, etc., are found in great quantities in the lakes and marshes in the interior, and their eggs, as well as the birds themselves, are taken in great numbers by the people. The fish which throng the rivers in enormous numbers in the Summer from the principal food of the natives. For the most part they are salmon, (*Salmo salar,*) and are dried and stored up for the Winter, but owing to the scarcity and dearness of salt the fish frequently become rotten, and the people suffer great privation. The rigor of Winter is much softened by warm ocean currents, which create those thick continous fogs that render the coast so dangerous to navigation. The total population of both sexes is put down at only 6,500 souls, but owing to the total absence of agriculture, and to the primitive methods adopted for preserving food for Winter, these are frequently in a state of semi-starvation. For all except bare food they have to look abroad—clothes, utensils, tea, tobacco, etc., and all these they purchase by means of their fur sable, which is unequaled in any other part of the world. About 5,000 of these skins are sold each year at 15 to 20 rubles each. At the beginning of the present century cattle were introduced from Iakutsk, and, owing to the excellent grass and water, would have thriven well, but on account of the lack of industry or energy on the part of the natives, it was found impossible to lay in sufficient stores of fodder in Winter. The question whether agriculture is possible in the peninsula has never yet been answered. Markets exist in the ports of Eastern Siberia, which are at present supplied with such articles as salt meat, butter, cloth, and hides from San Francisco. The main obstacle to agriculture is the excessively damp and constantly foggy climate. The sun seldom shines, and does not, therefore, give enough warmth for the growth of rye and wheat. The trade is almost wholly with California, and as there is little or no money there it is carried on by a system of exchange, the natives offering their sable skins in return for such goods as they require.

ARIZONA FREIGHTERS AND INDIANS.

A correspondent to the Chicago *Times* says: People sleep out of doors here with perfect impunity—some from choice, others to overcome the effects of bad whiskey. I have seen several lying under bushes while the sun was shining brightly, and upon inquiry found they were "night herders," or men employed by the freighters to look after the mules during the night to prevent their straying off. The wagons they use for freighting in this country are immense, and frequently there are ten span of mules in front of them. Two or three wagons are drawn along at once, one behind the other, after the manner of a railroad train. The wagons behind the first one called "backaction" wagons, and are complete, each one having a barrel of water on either side. Loads of copper from the mines are thus hauled to the railroad stations, the trains taking back merchandise from the States. It seems to me that one of these wagon-boxes will hold as much as a small house. Of course freighting in this way is slow, but is very sure, and the miners are bound to get their goods in time, but frequently a good deal of patience is required. Everything costs a good price in a mining region necessarily, and fruit brings a sum of money that Eastern farmers could scarcely realise. In the sheltered nooks many of the older settlers are turning their attention to fruit-raising, in which they are remarkably successful, and raise apples, peaches, grapes and melons in considerable quantities.

AFTER THE HENROOST.

As thieves the negroes in Barbadoes are most expert, and burglaries are frequent, especially in the smaller houses. A henroost it is almost impossible to preserve from them, and if they get into one they will sweep it clean. Their mode of proceeding on such occasions is, I am told, as follows: Having obtained an entry, they sieze each bird from the perch, put its head under its wing, and whirl the unfortunate fowl round and round in the air five or six times. The result of this (as I can testify) is that the bird remains torpid, and apparently lifeless, and is thus easily stowed away in a bag without danger of inconvenient cackling. Nor is it against their betters only that such attacks are directed, for they prey equally upon each other. Every night in Barbadoes is made hideous by the discharge of curious old firearms out of the windows of the shanties as a warning that the inmates are on their guard.

Greek is, perhaps, the most perfect instrument of thought ever invented by man, and its literature has never equalled in purity of style and boldness of expression.

Our stamping department is overrun with work, reason why: first-class work at very low prices—Garmans.

FROM ILLINOIS.

MANHATTAN, Ill., Dec. 31, '84.

Will county is quite a thrifty county, well adapted for grain and stock. Prices for grain at this station are as follows: Corn 32 to 34, oats, mixed, 24, yellow 25, white 26; hogs on foot $4 per hundred; butter 25, eggs 20, beef cattle owing to quality from $3.50 to $5.50 and some fancy higher yet; stone coal, Illinois, $3, Ind. block $3.75, and Penn'a hard coal $6.75. The price of land is from $60 to $80, and sometimes $100 if it be fancy. I have no land in Will county that I would take anything less than $80 per acre for. We who came west from the old Keystone state are all well aware that our sole purpose was to find our fortune. I came west in the spring of '76 to Will county, Ill., with but a few thousand dollars in my pocket now I own 237 acres of land, the railroad having taken out 3 acres of the place. All well improved and well drained, besides a nice property in the village of Manhattan worth $1500. I bought a farm of 200 acres for $6,650, and all the money I owe on it is $3,500, farm lies in Vermillion county, this state. Now this is my lot since I came west, and a good many can say the same. Also I would say that I retired from farming last spring, and moved to Manhattan. Oats this year yielded 40 to 60 bushels per acre, and corn about 33 bushels which was no full crop on account of dry weather. The change of seasons are about the same as in Centre county, the summer season perhaps a little longer.

ELIAS KLINGLER.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle. Trade Mark

—THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women,** and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

PENNSYLVANIA

STATE COLLEGE.

Next Term begins Jan., 7, 1885.

This institution is located in one of the most beautiful and healthy spots of the entire Allegheny region. It is open to both sexes, and offers the following Courses of Study:

1 A Full Scientific Course of Four Years.
2 A Full Latin Scientific Course.
3 The following SPECIAL COURSES, of two years each following the first two years of the Scientific Course (a) AGRICULTURE; (b) NATURAL HISTORY; (c) CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS; (d) CIVIL ENGINEERING.
4 A short SPECIAL COURSE IN AGRICULTURE.
5 A short SPECIAL COURSE in Chemistry.
6 A recognized course in Mechanical Arts combining shop-work with study.
7 A new Special Course (two years) in Literature and Science, for Young Ladies.
8 A carefully graded Preparatory Course.
9 SPECIAL COURSES are arranged to meet the wants of individual students.

Military drill is required. Expenses for board and incidentals very low. Tuition free. Young ladies under charge of competent lady Principal. For Catalogues, or other information, address GEO. W. ATHERTON, President, State College, Centre Co., Pa.

17jan1

CHRISTMAS ITEMS

A fine selection of silk handkerchiefs and gent's neck-wear, for the holidays, at Guggenheimers.

.....o.....

An immense stock of the best styles youths' and boys' caps, at Guggenheimers.

.....o.....

Buffalo and wolf robes, lap robes and horse blankets of all grades, at Guggenheimers.

.....o.....

A large stock of flanel shirts, at Guggenheimers.

.....o.....

Hides of all kinds wanted at Guggenheimers, and highest market price in Cash paid for same.

.....o.....

Guggenheimers is the only exclusive leather store in Centre county. 3dec.tf

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

The New York Sun.

An Independent Newspaper of Democratic Principles, but not Controlled by any Set of Politicians or Manipulators; Devoted to Collecting and Publishing all the News of the Day in the most Interesting Shape and with the greatest possible Promptness, Accuracy and Impartiality; and to the Promotion of Democratic Ideas and Policy in the affairs of Government, Society and Industry.

Rates, by Mail, Postpaid:

DAILY, per Year	$6 00
DAILY, per Month	50
SUNDAY, per Year	1 00
DAILY and SUNDAY per Year	7 00
WEEKLY, per Year	1 00

Address, THE SUN, *New York City.*